

Special Self-Denial Number of

WAR



JESUS said unto His disciples, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

CRY



VOL. XI. No. 10. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, DEC. 8, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

Self-Denial in the Lion-Haunted Jungles and Tropical Forests of the Dark Continent.



Sucking Poison from the Deadly Wound of a Native Arrow!

"Within seven weeks of leaving Yambuya, on August 13, 1887, they had a fierce fight with the natives at Avi Sibha, in which Lieutenant Stairs was wounded. The expedition had crossed a river, and had camped in a little village, when some arrows were shot at them by natives on the opposite bank. The Zambiaris replied by firing with their rifles, when Lieutenant Stairs, who was second in command, promptly collected a party, and took boat to repel the enemy. When about half way across the river, a poisoned arrow struck the lieutenant just below the heart, inflicting a dangerous wound. He broke off the arrow, leaving about an inch of the head in the flesh. Then, Dr. Parks extracted, and then sucked the poison from the wound, which would otherwise have proved fatal, as is generally the case."

In the Lion-
Haunted
Jungles
and Tropical
Forests of the
Dark Continent,
With Livingstone and Stanley.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE SLAVE-TRADE, WITH ITS TRAFFIC IN HUMAN CATTLE.

These Noble Men, with Their De-
voted Followers, Traversed Fever-
Breeding Swamps and Fiery
Deserts, nor Malted for
Treacherous Tribes
of Man-Eating
Savages, or
Fierce, Wild Beasts.

What is Your Life-Target?

AWAY in Africa, close to one of its
immense lakes, stood an old, bent,
white-haired man. His clothes were
nearly worn through, patched here
and there, a little peaked cap with
a piece of faded gold braid round it. Be-
hind him about a dozen black followers
stood at a respectful distance. They were
watching some people marbling up to them,
headed by a white man, who, as he came
near the old man, took off his cap and said,

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

Oh, what a cheer went up!
After weary months of hardships, priva-
tions, sickness, and terrible sufferings, they
had found the long lost doctor.

His friends in England had given him up
in despair; he must be dead, lying some-
where in the jungle, perhaps murdered by
the natives. But others, who knew the old
doctor better said, "No, he is a man with
an aim." He resolved to damage the
slave trade, and find on easy, quick, and
safe way to carry salvation to the wild
heathen tribes of darkest Africa.

Therefore, he had set off with only his
converts to help and guide him.
Alone, yet not alone. God's eye guided
the noble doctor over the deserts, through
the forest, across swamps and jungles, over
mountains and valleys. He guarded him
when surrounded by savage, wild tribes,
who

Thirsted for His Blood,

healed him when stricken with fever, com-
forted him when alone and discouraged.

His Discoverer, Stanley,

took back his precious diary, and left the
old man to complete his life-work. "Time
Not long after, he was found dead, on
his knees.

Worn out with disease and fatigue.
Shortly before he died he had reconse-
crated himself to God, praying "Heaven's
richest blessing on anybody—black or
white, rich or poor, American or European
—who would do anything at all to heal
the bleeding sore of the world"—Africa, with
its ghastly heathenism and slavery.

Who were the people whom John saw?
The people who drifted and had on easy
time?

NO, but they that came out of great
tribulations and fought every step of the
way to heaven. They had heaven as an
aim, something to be fought for. Like the
African explorers, they counted not their
lives dear unto them. Dr. Livingstone and
Stanley, with their people, despised com-
fort and ease. They saw the terrible evils
of the slave trade. Men, women, and

Children Bought and Sold

like prairie cattle; men eating men, and
living in horrible heathen darkness—with-
out God or Christ, sin or end in their lives.
In the strength of God, Livingstone re-
solved to do something for them, though it
seemed a task beyond human achievement
for one man alone. Like his great Proto-
type, he laid down his life for Africa.
Nevertheless, when Stanley took back the
record of his work, all Christendom was in
a blaze about Africa, stirred from end to
end. Expeditions, companies, private ex-
plorers set out to continue his work.
Stanley says it

Affected His Whole Life,

and made him devote it to Africa.
What he has suffered and revealed about
that great lone land all the world knows.
God honored and blessed the consecrated
aim and purpose of Livingstone's life, and
to-day there are hundreds trying to do
what he attempted single-handed.

DETA SINGHA (HUNTER.)

ENFEEBLED BY A LIFE-TIME OF
SELF-DENIAL, THE RESOLUTE
OLD DOCTOR SUCCEEDED
AT LENGTH, YET BY HIS
DEATH-SACRIFICE SET
ALL CHRISTENDOM
IN A BLAZE.

Are You Consecrated, Body, Soul, and
Spirit, Thus to Help Staunch
the Bleeding Sores of
the World?



VER Western Prair-
ies—The blessed ex-
perience enjoyed in a
recent fourteen days'
special meetings can-
not be well described
in cold type. We
might mention the
thirty-one meetings
led, including public
meetings, holiness, soldier's, officers', and
candidate's convales, with several bright
musical meetings, and the fifteen souls which
kneel at the Cross for parity and pardon.

The first three days were spent at Neopawa.
Sunday was delightful. Two knelt at the
Cross at the close of a beautiful holiness
meeting. Afternoon, a packed barracks
swarmed an account of the Army's Revere
work. A good offering was given. An hour
was also spent in soldier's council.
After tea an hour with the candidates.
Crowded hall at night, with nineteen dollars
collected.

A meeting at Winchester on Monday
night.
Tuesday, at Rapid City. The Methodist
church, kindly loaned, was well filled for a
Social meeting. The next night a musical
meeting. The Methodists had given up their
prayer meeting to attend. Their pastor spoke
a few words. A brother who was converted
five years at S. A. penitent-form was en-
rolled. A happy soldier's council finished two
days further.

Twenty miles across the prairies to Bran-
den ushered in another four days' campaign.
Olimax on Sunday night, when the barracks
was packed and five hundred people sat
through to the prayer meeting. At 10:30 we
closed with two at the Cross. A hundred and
fifty still waiting to see what would happen
next. Rapid City officers and soldiers were a
brave reinforcement for the first meeting.

Friday, two seeking the blessing. Satur-
day, address on the Army in Newfoundland.
A sister was enrolled.
Our officers' and candidates' council was not
the least enjoyable. Finances very good, one
gentleman giving five dollars.
Bro. Johnny Habikirk's songs were a source
of great blessing through the tent.

Two nights at Carberry circle, corps fol-
lowed. One in the Methodist church for
Social meeting, the other at Dempsey's bright,
musical service in the crowded school house
until eleven p. m.

Three days at Portage la Prairie finished
up the tour. We had had the joy of seeing
eight kneeling at the penitent-form in our
last meeting.—BLANCHER READ.

WAR NEWS.

Latest Condensed Facts.

Read them — The News of Victory is
Just Beautiful.—Ed.

I can do all things through Christ
which strengtheneth me.—PHIL. IV. 13.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK, Brigadier and Mrs. de
Baritt will be at the Temple, Sunday, 9th.
Great times are expected.

Stonerville.—Crowds and collections im-
proving. One fifth of target money for S. D.
promised at time of writing.

Richmond St.—Good times on Sunday.
Ensign and Mrs. Turner with us. Three out
for full deliverance.—Bro. ALLEN for Captain
WISSEMAN.

Mooselaw.—In holiness meeting one pre-
cious soul cried for pardon. The Lord was
near to us all day Sunday.—Capt. SCOTT,
Lieut. KEMP.

Newcastle, N. B.—Welcome to Ensign
Matthews. Oyster supper. One soul. We
expect to do our share in SELF-DENIAL
WEEK.—SECTY.

But to do good and to com-
municate forget not, for with
such sacrifices God is well
pleased.—HEB. xiii. 16.

I firmly believe that self-denial was, and is
the greatest lesson we can find and see in the
life of our blessed Lord and Master, Jesus
Christ.—Ensign ARNE, Lindsay.

Brussels.—Sunday morning a dear girl
found Jesus. Afternoon, Captain gave a
sketch of his ten years' experience in S. A.
war. At night, a good crowd.—Captain and
Mrs. ROWE.

Markham.—Sunday, one brother got such
a blessing he thought he could sell "WAR
CRY" SELF-DENIAL WEEK.
Our target is fixed. Our blood-and-fire
soldiers are going to hit it.—Lieut. DOUTH-
WAITE.

Oakville.—One Junior came to Jesus;
another on Wednesday. Although young in
years Jesus didn't turn them away. Thurs-
day, another dear soul. SELF-DENIAL! We
believe that Oakville won't be behind.—Lieut.
GILBERT for Capt. MAY.

Bear River.—Lieut. Poole with us. On
Wednesday we went to Morgan Town. Bapt-
ist friends kindly lent us their church. On
Friday night we had Ensign Deebriay and
Capt. Johnston with us. Two recruits en-
rolled.—Lieut. RANDALL.

Show me thy faith without
thy works and I will show thee
my faith by my works. Faith
if it hath not works is dead,
being alone.—JAMES II. 17, 18.

Vancouver.—The war here is being pushed
ahead vigorously. Soldiers helped to a higher
life, and sinners to the fountain. Bro. Farrell
was telling me that when the devil and his
furniture were turned out of his heart, amongst
the stuff was an old piano on which he could
only play one tune, called, "Not to-night."
Two souls captured.—ONE OF THE GANG.

St. John I., N. B.—Victory is our war
cry. Jesus Christ is our Captain; we shall
win. Five souls have been recently captured.
Steam in up for S. D. week. The bal-
cony express rushing full speed toward its
goal. Shall we reach it, comrades of No. 1?
Certainly! Why not? Go ahead, then.—
Ensign TULLY.

Trenton.—Ensign Soar, Capt. Broadbelt,
Lieut. Norman from Brighton, also Lieut.
Wilson from Belleville, have visited us.
Lieut. Wilson led a blood-and-fire testimony
meeting, and Ensign drew in the net, capturing
two souls. We cleared off \$21 back rent.
Sunday night we were made happy by seeing
six souls saved. Since last report we've had
the joy of seeing eleven souls. SELF-DENIAL
has got our eye around the corner. Going in
to top off our target.—BONNY for Capt.
BRINDLEY.

God is not unrighteous to for-
get your work and labor of love
which ye have showed toward
His name, in that ye have min-
istered and do minister.—
HEBREWS vi. 10.

Morrisburg.—Seven Newfoundland officers
fired some red-hot Gospel shot here. Large
crowd. Two souls. Ours "WAR CRY"
were sold last week. REPORT THE COM-
MUNERS WERE ALL SUPPLIED. SELF-DENIAL,
the topic of the hour; target, NINETEEN-FIVE
DOLLARS. We aim straight at it.—EXTRE
WHITEHEAD.
[Do order more CRYs.—Ed.]

Victoria, B. C.—Return of two back-
sliders. "WAR CRY" sold out by
Sunday evening. Adjutant misinterpreted the
big drum. Found meeting led by Ensign
Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Archibald.
The Ensign has for some weeks been fight-
ing single-handed in the Shelter, but is now
rejoicing over the arrival of Cadet Anderson.
S. D. I. Sinners and soldiers alike sharing
the interest. Revivals will eclipse all prece-
ding ones.—ANNE REILLY, S. C.

Honor the Lord with thy sub-
stance and with the first fruits
of all thine increase: So shall
thy barns be filled with plenty,
and thy presses shall burst
out, with new wine.—Psalm. III. 10, 11.

Carlyle.—I am sixty miles from a camp,
and desire that my comrades may know I am
fighting as when at Portage la Prairie.
The Methodist have just ended revival
meetings. Ten in the fountain. I attended
most meetings; sixteen miles drive after I
had quit work, but the love which God has
given me for perishing souls made it a plea-
sure. I have been blessed much by visiting
and praying with the neighbors.
In our meetings one dear brother spent four
hours on his knees at once, but gained the
victory.—Bro. ASKIN.

Lunenburg, N. S.—Home from the coun-
try, where we spent five days. Chopped and
got to railway station a car load of wood in
use of barracks; paid \$8.40 to get it brought
to town. So doing saves more than twenty
dollars. Hold meeting every night. Saw a
man who can boast of seventy great grand-
children, and wishes them all to become sal-
vationists. The sound of war will keep up.
SELF-DENIAL tide is coming in.

"Our ship, prepared to launch, all ready stands,
And with a daring front 'er looks the strand."
Hope to bring her in laden with riches.—Capt.
PELLEY and WIFE.

They that will be rich fall into
temptation and a snare, and
many foolish and hurtful lusts,
which drown men in destruc-
tion and perdition, for the love
of money is the root of all evil.
I. TIM. vi. 10.

Southern District, N. F.—WILSON of
MAJOR MORRIS to the South Coast.—Bran-
den was the first place of call. The new church
had arrived, but the steamer did not get in
an answer until Monday. Adj. Ensign
was with us for the Sunday. On Monday
night, old fashioned salvation meeting. Two
souls crying for pardon.

The next corps was GARNER—twenty-five
miles across country. Tuesday morning we
commenced our journey with a row of six
miles attempt at rowing. Reached Salswater
Pond all O. K., and found "Grandfather"
waiting in a great state of excitement to
inform us that one of our horses had gone home.
Garnish comrades received the Major right
royally. Pleaded hard with sinners, but none
were saved.

Next day (Wednesday) up at 3 a. m. At
first the weather was moderate, but by and
by we had head winds with a lull. After
tossing about for twenty-six hours, we
had to put into Grand Island, being unable to
reach our destination. A few hours on shore,
and the wind veered round in our favor. Put
on again, and landed at SEAL Cove after a
good run. The comrades came on board, and
piloted us into the harbor safely. Instead of
killing the proverbial fatted calf for the con-
solation, two sheep were substituted, and a child
one donated alive. It was a real pleasure to
hear the testimonies given by our soldiers,
who spend their lives shut away from the
outside world, facing the dangers of the deep.
The Major visited and prayed in every house
in the harbor. A dedication took place, a
salvation meeting was conducted, and a large
number made about the school for the whole
month. Ensign Hodder has got his hands full.
On Cadet Hodder's hands that away from the
outside world, facing the dangers of the deep.
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On Cadet Hodder's hands that away from the
outside world, facing the dangers of the deep.

Before the Army entered this harbor it was
noted for its drunkenness and wickedness.
Now, no one is ALLOWED to smoke except
into THE PLACE UNDER PRETEXT of a pipe.
The wind in our favor next day a good run
across the bay to FORTUNE. Salvation meet-
ing; one soul in the fountain.
Saturday and Sunday, GRAND BARK'S (MRS.)
back again to Fortune. Big crowd. Grand
bank commissioning of nineteen sergeants and
twelve in of soldiers.—ONE who was
swearing.

Godliness with contentment
is great gain, for we brought
nothing into this world and it
is certain we can carry nothing
out. Having food and raiment
let us be there with content-
ment.—I. TIM. vi. 6, 7.

The Annals

of History

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Records of

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"Two boys, one eight, and the other nine years of age, were playing on the roof of the house in which they lived, when one of them slipped and fell over the edge. As he did so, the other, the younger of the two, caught his arm, and shouted for help. The impulse of the decent fellow dragged him down also, but he held on tenaciously, meanwhile continuing his cries. People below heard him, and hurried up the narrow stairway. Every second seemed a minute, the strain becoming more severe. 'My arm is breaking! I must let go,' he gasped at last. 'Don't, please! let go,' begged the other. For a few seconds more the brave little eight-year-old held on; then the end came. Just as the rescuer reached the roof, his grasp relaxed, and with a loud cry the brother fell into the courtyard below, and was killed.

"There was the truest heroism in the fruitless effort of the lad to save the brother, who clung to him on the edge of death, and there is nothing grander in all the world than that spirit of affection which impels human hearts to maintain, to the last gasp, their hold upon wayward ones tottering on the brink of doom. In the shining ranks of the immortal, there are no more lustreous forms than those of the martyr ones who have sacrificed self, and suffered agonies unmeasured in their efforts to save such as these."

DID YOU EVER HEAR

**HERBERT COFFIN,
THE MINER,
WHO,**

landed from the hooket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner, who wanted to go to his sick child, in the hooket, and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying: "Tell them the water has burst in, and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the command to the other miners till they dug themselves so near out, that the people from the outside could come to their rescue.



LIKE JESUS.

Mahanand, Editor, Indian War Cry.

JESUS CHRIST is the Pattern for all ages. Among Christians, millions have prayed, "Oh, make me more like Jesus!" with sincere longing to follow in the footsteps of their Divine Master and Lord. But how few really understand what likeness to Jesus means! And how many thousands want to be like Christ—minus His Cross!

The passive side of Christ's life is much spoken about and longed for by men who close their eyes to the active side.

"Give me," these half-way Christians cry, "His patience, meekness, gentleness, love. Give me grace like those which made Him loved at Bethany. You do not, surely, say," they mean, "it is necessary that Christ's present-day disciples should have a Gethsemane or a Calvary?"

Down with the hollowness, sham, and hypocrisy of this kind of "following Christ!" Listen to their logic!

"We will follow Him in secret prayer, but not in open profession. We are willing to have His joys, sweetest, and all the happiness of His service. But save us from the suffering, the hatred, the making of enemies, the estrangement of friend, the scorn of the godless. We are willing to eat of the fat of the land, but don't ask us to till the soil. We will gladly join in the shouts of victory, but do not expect us to go through the arduous campaign. Give us Christ, but let Him carry the Cross."

Read: If this is the position you have taken up, you may be sure that you will have an awfully small chance of "steeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem." Only the Cross can bring victory.

Christ always put the Cross close up against discipleship. "In Me . . . peace," was spoken only a breath before "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But, in our days, we oft meet with a state called "holiness," which is a sentimental, self-seeking, easy-going skin kind of a religion—active self-worship, passive Christ-worship.

"Like Jesus!"
Oh, dear, half-offended reader, would you really be like your Master? Then ask Him to take you to Gethsemane. Ask Him, by His Holy Spirit, to explain to you the meaning of that "bloody sweat." Go with Him onward. Stand and see the Judas-kiss, the surging crowd, the "swords and staves." Follow Him along the public street journey to the High Priest's house; see the awful following-and-denying Peter, the insulting trial, the false witnesses, the timid governor Pilate delivering Him up to the fanatic hate of the Jews, the scourging, the rough soldiers, the mock scarlet robe, the crowning thorns, the spitting, the smiting the break-down under the weight of the Cross, the vinegar and the gall. Then behold your Saviour on the Cross—the thief on either side—death!

You have seen it all! Now fell upon your knees and cry to God to baptize you with Gethsemane patience and Calvary boldness, and rise up to do His will as He shall direct, remembering what Jesus said, "The disciple is not above his Master," and, "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." Do not look for the good opinion of the world, but expect to be called a fool and a fanatic. Steel your heart with heavenly grace. Keep your eyes fixed upon Calvary and eternity, and step out boldly to the fight. This is the path in which you will become "like Jesus."

Take me, O Jesus, take me to Calvary!
Let me see Thee there again—
How the sinning crowd
Mocked Thee long and aloud—

O Jesus, how great was Thy shame!
Stamp this upon me,
So or to leave me
And Calvary shall inspire me again and again!

SONGS FOR HOLINESS MEETINGS.

TUNE—Why wilt thou die? (B.J. 171.)



Oh, Jesus in love
came now to our
hearts,
And fill our poor
souls with Thy
power,
The power to live
and bring souls
to Thee,
Oh, come, rain
Thy heavenly
shower.

CHORUS.
Oh, come on us now,
Come on us now,
Spirit, fill us now.

We need Thee, oh, Lord, as forward we go
Thy will and Thy work to perform;
To bring souls to Thee, and to bring liberty
And comfort to all that now mourn.

Our lives now we give, for Thee now we'll live,
Un vessels of honor made meet;
Come rule in our hearts, and work out Thy
will.

That soul may be brought to Thy feet.
SERGEANT-MAJOR CASBARI, Halifax I.

TUNE—We'll work till Jesus comes (B.J. 33)

When far away from God and right,
A slumber deep in sin,
The love of Jesus broke my heart,
And brought me unto Him.

CHORUS.
His love has now my heart (Repeat)
Oh, glory to His name!

And now I live down at the Cross,
Where Jesus keeps me right;
He has become my all in all,
And I enjoy the fight.

And now a soldier I will be,
A blood-washed warrior brave,
And till the every sin-bound soul
That Jesus died to save.

LEWIS. M. NOEL, Tilt Cove.

TUNE—Kind words will never die. (B.J. 124.)

Dear Lord, I come to Thee
With panting heart,
In humble prayer my plea,
Thy love impart.
Jesus, I'll love Thee still,
And live to do Thy will;
Come, and my heart now fill
With love Divine.

CHORUS.
Jesus can never fail.

Thou dost Thy promise seal,
Prayer doth prevail;
Prayer from the heart that's real
Can never fail.
All selfishness is killed,
My life by Thee is filled,
And now my heart is filled
With love Divine.

CAPT. ALBERT TRINDER.

TUNE—Life's morn will soon be waning. (B.J. 142.)

While before Thy footstool kneeling,
And our hearts are raised in prayer,
Waiting to receive Thy blessing,
Jesus, now our hearts prepare,
Oh, remove all that may hinder
To endow us with Thy power;
Lord, come part just now asunder
Every soul from sin this hour.

CHORUS.

We are waiting for Thy blessing,
Grant us, Lord, our soul's desire;
Send, oh, send the showers refreshing,
Fill us with holy fire!

We would now become as nothing,
That we may more useful be;
Jesus, make our hearts Thy dwelling,
We want nought within but Thee.
As we're with Thy blood across o'er-shaded,
Dwelling in Thy purity,
All this world's poor glory faded,
We shall gain the victory.

Eastern Probabilities.

BY BRIGADIER JACOBS.

THESE FORECASTS are not ga. ranteed. Like the weather, they may change as the time goes on. I hope they will for the better. A week may make a great deal of difference.

IT IS VERY PROBABLE that the East will lead the way, that is if every corps hits the target. At present, from my observatory, the only chance of it not doing this is very fine weather in the Northwest, which appears doubtful.

IT IS MORE THAN PROBABLE that every District will heat last year's record. Maybe "John District will beat Halifax, unless Dartmouth comes in with a run.

A LITTLE UNCERTAIN, but the probabilities are that the City of Halifax, as a city, may beat St. John, at any rate Halifax and Dartmouth combined may beat St. John and Fairville combined.

Annapolis and P. E. I. District in competition. Probabilities are that P. E. I. will come out \$10 ahead of Annapolis.

IT IS QUITE PROBABLE that Fredericton will heat Charlottetown, and then for Charlottetown not to own being beaten. Summerside and Newcastle will have a close run.

MONCTON AND CHATHAM DISTRICTS will have a close run; whilst it may be that Moncton may be a little ahead, it is only going to be a few dollars. Springhill, St. Stephen District, and Yarmouth, at present looks as if the single officers were going to win, Yarmouth coming in first, followed by St. Stephen or Springhill. Truro is great help to Springhill.

PROBABILITIES AT NEW GLASGOW DISTRICT uncertain. Bad weather lately—a kind of thunder and lightning, followed by a partial eclipse, finishing up with clear, bright sky.

Will You Prove Yourself a Hero by the Daily Self-Denial of a Lifetime.



"A number of navvies were at work upon the line between Glasgow and Paisley. They stood back upon the approach of an express train, which, upon passing them, would cross a lofty viaduct. The engine was in sight. One of the men named Jamieson, saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced, the train would be wrecked—wrecked upon the viaduct. There was no time for words—the navvy made a sign to his nephew, and the two rushed forward. They fixed the sleeper, saved the train, and were both left DEAD ON THE LINE."

To deny self for one we love, I have rarely found to be hard. Usually the sacrifice involved makes the joy of giving the greater.—ETHEL GALT.

XMAS "CRY."

Notice Extraordinary.

Ghosts!—A fascinating sketch by the Commandant.
Colonel Edwin Oliphant has specially contributed a splendid life sketch of Mrs. Commandant Booth. A descendant of the Waldenses, and of a Waterloo veteran, for aches the glamor of the world for the self-sacrifice of Army life. Do not miss this sketch unparalleled in Army history (fascinating).

New and exquisite music and song by Mrs. Booth.

And a great variety of thrilling, interesting matter from friends, old and new.

The WAR CRYs sell beautifully. I sold fifty-three on the street. Everybody seems taken up with the new CRY.—A. HURST, Lieutenant, Edmonton.



Editorial Notings.

Self-Denial now at white heat. Fan the flame!

The P. O.'s, F. O.'s, local officers, soldiers, and friends are full tear on S.-D. Not to be a DENIER is to go against the stream.

Do you not feel the thrill of holy enthusiasm which inspires the Territory? \$23,000 is the key to the position—Port Arthur of the S.-D. week.

A despatch received from Shanghai asserts that twenty-three Japanese torpedo boats made a concerted rush upon the entrance of the harbor of Port Arthur, and that at the same time the Japanese land forces attacked the place from the rear, while a heavy artillery fire was poured into the Chinese forts. The Japanese infantry then stormed defence after defence. The Chinese resisted feebly. There were a few hand-to-hand fights; but finally the Chinese became panic-stricken, and the Japanese carried everything before them.

Like the Japs, we shall attack our Self-Denial Port Arthur from all points, with all the schemes and plans that sanctified toil and innuendo has devised. "The sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army" will glitter in the fray, and we shall wield it in the name and strength of the Lord of Hosts. In His strength we shall win the fight. Then the sceptres, and the professors who have the form without the power will, if they have any eyes to see at all, behold another instance of the mighty influence of the crucified Nazarene. Glory to His Holy Name! \$23,000 will be a harder and more substantial fact than the devil himself can explain away. However, we shall get the money and spend it in sustaining the work



The thrilling incident connected with this scene will be remembered by many.—The disaster that befel the British arms at Isandlwana, in the Zulu War. The two gallant Englishmen—Lieuts. Coghill and Melville—who cut their way through hosts of savages in order to save the colors of the 24th Regiment, will stand out as two of the most daring among the long list of England's heroes. The stone marks the place where their bodies were found, having died of the assegai wounds received in their brave exploit. They counted not their lives dear to preserve their country's honor. What will you do for the Saviour's honor and glory this Self-Denial Week?

of that organization which we candidly believe to be the best, bar none, for rapidly extending the kingdom of Jesus Christ among men.

It is not a question of our strength, but of our faith.—MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

Toronto Friday night Holiness Campaign a pronounced success. Praise the Lord!

Friday night Campaign to cease for a time. Much regret.

The Commandant has been overhauling the records of some of the Provincines most thoroughly.

A stiff breeze is blowing around the old musty corners where stagnation and decay had so it. There's to be a great awakening.

The Commandant goes West shortly to meet the General. In his absence, Mrs. Booth will occupy the top seat at the administrative centre. God bless Mrs. Booth. She is the descendant of a Waterloo veteran, is a famous fighter herself, has won many notable victories lately, and will lead on with spirit and vim.

Our beloved brother, Major Road, is suffering from a serious malady. He has a brave heart, bless him! Pray for his complete restoration.

We chronicle with deep grief and profound sympathy for our dear bereaved brother, Ensign Hay, the death of his devoted comrade in the fight, Mrs. Hay. The Ensign needs our prayers and sympathy, and we think we can say, on behalf of our readers, he has them. Mrs. Hay was promoted on November 26th.

The fall of that warrior from the fight is the call for others to gird on the armor and rush to the field.

SPECIAL re THE COMMANDANT.

Commandant splendid gatherings Petrolia Sunday all day. Great crowd Opera House afternoon; bigger crowd at night. Most impressive meeting; Commandant holds audience spell-bound by power of God for over hour. SOLDIERS' COUNCIL LONDON, splendid feeling enthusiasm. Thirty-two seekers. Hallelujah!

(Full reports, Petrolia, London, Toronto Friday Night, and Auxiliary Meeting, Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, unavoidably crowded out.)

The latter part of Lieut. Wilkins' Winnipeg report (on this page) is the kind of thing we especially want the field to favor us with for the anecdote column. The conversion of "Catch-'em-alive" is an up-to-date piece of news, and thrillingly interesting.

"And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

We find SELF-DENIAL here in the highest sense of the word. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, denied Himself of the glory of heaven. Yes, He stooped lower, and became obedient unto death. A shameful death it was, too. This was Self-Denial.

Now, my comrade, what are you going to do for your Lord?

See Him, Who made heaven and earth, lay all His riches by, and become poor that you might be made rich. He had a perfect right to these things—more than you have to the things you've got. Follow your Master; walk in His footsteps; live for others; die for others; give of your means to others; help His work with your money.

Money could not buy your salvation. It cost the Saviour His blood. He died willingly for you, and you must give willingly to His cause; yea, give till you feel it, or else it will be no Self-Denial.

Lord, I give myself to Thee. Money, time, and talents, Lord, I give to Thee.—Lieut. SLATER, Lindsay.

Winnipeg.—A father has arrived in the shape of Ensign Hughes, a good 5 ft. 11 in. of salvation.

We have had Mrs. Road with us. Jesus led the way, and we came out of the fray with two prisoners. People tried to scare us by telling us that it was no good for us to come to Winnipeg after the girls had been stationed there; we wouldn't be in it. But, praise God, it doesn't matter if we are Jew or Greek, bond or free, man or woman, God can use you if you are good.

Splendid crowds Sunday, hall jammed, crammed full, and running over. Seven souls started for glory. Ensign came in good fighting trim. We are going in with pure hearts and clean hands. A brother came for full salvation on Sunday morning. After a red-hot prayer-meeting a poor backslider came back to Jesus. Another backslider at night.

A few weeks ago a brother came to the penitents-form. They call him "Brother Catch-'em-alive." (He makes fly paper.) He has passed at lot of his life in the "cooler." Everyone knows "Catch-'em-alive" in Winnipeg. Here is his testimony as near as I can remember.

"Thank God for the Army for catching me alive. Before I got converted I never had a bed to lie on for fifty-three days, forty-six of which was in the 'cooler.' But since I have been saved I have had a bed, and can sleep peacefully, for there is no fear of the policeman coming to disturb me, and take me off. While I was in the 'cooler,' the hardest thing I had to endure was going without my smoke. It was terrible! But now I bethe the piped haccy. I used to earn two, three, and four dollars a day, as it all went in whiskey, but since I got saved I have that, too. It is wonderful, friends, wonderful! I do want to live now, and do something for Jesus. I hope He will give me a chance."

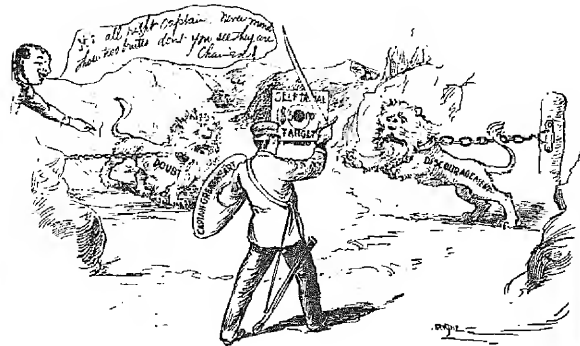
If you could have seen his face when he testified it would have done you good.

Sinner, who ever you be, if God can save a sinner like "Catch-'em-alive," He can save you.—Lieut. WILKINS

He That Loseth His Life Shall Find It.—Come with me, let us pay a visit to your home. Is this the place where you live, the poor woman who lost her husband in that terrible disaster? Poor soul! Her path is pictured out to her. She has six children to look after. The early hours of the morning she is up, and at the late hours of night she is busy. What is it that impels her to practice such Self-Denial? Is it not the great love she has for her offspring? That is the greatest Self-Denial which is prompted by love.

"Christ the loving friend of men, Let His Father's house be high. Gladly laid His glory by."

Self-Denial is an enemy to selfishness. It seeks not her own. Adieu.—Capt. LAWSON.



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Pittsburg



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THE GENERAL MARCHES ON.

Pittsburg and Cleveland Each has its Own Story to Tell.

PITTSBURG, with its neighbor over the river, Allegheny, is the second city of Pennsylvania, and one of the chief industrial centres of the United States. With a combined population of half a million, it turns out practically everything in the range of mechanical product.

It stands in the centre of one of the richest coal fields in the world, also of the chief natural gas district.

"Hell with the Lid Off,"

is the title someone has given the Iron City. The corps has improved since a

Tragic Occurrence

of about one year ago, when an old man soldier was so roughly handled by the tongue that he just managed to reach the edge of the platform, in returning to it, where he expired.

In Lafayette Hall, to use the words of the local newspapers, "typical sentences" were "dred at an electrified audience with startling results."

Bishop Whitehead, ministers, and distinguished citizens shared the platform.

Comptroller H. I. Gouley said: "I cannot but think that his work is one of the wonders of the marvelous century in which we live."

Of the General's address, the *Dispatch* says: "It was a most remarkable and a simple address on a deeply intellectual theme: 'The Social Scheme.' His words struck home to every heart and mind present, whether on the stairs or near the roof."

Of the conviction wrought socially there could be little doubt, while a beautiful incident showed clearly that God was with and in the speaker, and the speech:

Namely, a young man, leaving his seat, walked up to the platform, knelt down at the back amongst the soldiers, and obtained what he had fruitlessly sought for five years—the certainty of the conversion of his soul.

Our afternoon, spent with from 300 to 400 of the "wisdom, wealth, strength, and beauty" of Pittsburg, in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, was, both materially and in spirit, a glorious affair.

With rare tact and taste, Mr. J. L. Buchanan presided. "While you have been in this country, you will have heard, General, the wise sayings of some of our orators. In Boston, they ask you: 'What do you know?' In New York: 'What do you have?' In Philadelphia: 'Who are you?' In Chicago: 'Where do you come from?' In Pittsburg: 'What do you do?' If the people of Pittsburg have wealth, the wealth represents the result of industry and being a great worker yourself, you are sure of their sympathy.

We have present those who represent wisdom, strength, and beauty, and allow me to commend you to their kindly consideration. They see in you a new representation of the Old and New Testament—not only the prophet to denounce iniquity, but the father to keep the erring and those who go astray."

The General's entertaining talk bristled with good points, and stirred a few questions, the outcome of which was a liberal collection.

At night, in the Lafayette Hall, our leader, with inspired force, urged the claims of salvation upon a great and varied audience. Some made an open acceptance of Jesus Christ.

White Heat

was attained on Sunday. The great gathering of the day centred in the New Grand Opera. A smaller crowd in the Lafayette in the morning had produced nine seekers after purity.

The Opera House will not normally accommodate 3,000, but we got 3,000 afternoon and night into it, and could, as one manager declared to another, have filled a building three times the size. The interest was truly amazing.

The theme for the first meeting was the very wide one: "The Salvation Army." To a magnificent audience the General more than fulfilled the task implied in the term, giving them some wondrous personal thrills and exhortation. "Oh!" he broke forth, when detailing the Army's birth, "oh, that I could charm my brethren everywhere to have a similar faith—small as it may be—to my own in the power of the Cross of the Lord Jesus to draw the people!"

"Then, as now, tell them two sermons were going to be preached, and they would go anywhere rather than to that place. Tell them

a person was coming along, and they would rather see a drink-seller. Tell them there was going to be a theological discussion, and they would see what it was—

"Is it Anything to Eat?"

You must get your arm all around the man. When the Church of God does that she will be omnipotent, and be able to save the world."

Turning to the serried rows of well-dressed people, who faced him, the General asked: "Do you ever go and look at the alms, you saints—you respectable saints; you who eat on the principle of the barber, who announced that he shaved 'three days below the skin. You don't know what hunger is; what nakedness is. Go and live in the alms, like the Salvation Army 'angels'!"

"Christ came not only to redeem me, but to make me like Himself; to put my feet in His footprints. Blessed Christ, I want to follow Thee!"

WHAT is the zeal of the Christians of this generation for the Lord of Hosts? How much do they care about His reign over the hearts of their fellow-men?

Every character is not only to be settled and demonstrated, it is to be **JUDGED ACCORDING TO ITS DESERTS**, "according to that he HATH DONE."—Mrs. GENERAL BOOTH.

Don't You Feel Like That?

Oh, if I could stir you up! I think God will! Oh, if I could make some hearts want to get out of their selfishness! My family, my body, my business, my pleasures, my recreations, my soul, me and mine. Oh, my God, how you must look down with contempt upon such a thing as this that calls itself by Thy name, and professes to the world to be a Christian!"

It was a rare, stirring-up, knocking-over-of-conventionalities, do-your-duty, come-to-Christ harangue, and left deep dents.

THE FINISHING FIGHT.

A repetition of the jamming process, and the shutting out of multitudes.

"You may call me a fanatic; you may say what you like about me, but I feel I am speaking in the name of my Master, and I feel I am speaking to your hearts!" So spoke the erect and venerable leader of the Lord's hosts as he walked, stood, and knelt upon that stage, the deep recesses of which behind him, and the two loftily-perched galleries in front, were solid human masses.

The attendance was perfect. All eyes gazed at that figure, whose earnestness kept it ever on the move, while the thunderbolt sentences, tender, tear-drawing cadences and manly reason alternated.

The denouncing and the arguing merged into the plea; the meeting faded into one of prayer, and for indeed made for the crisis. The platform pleaders and the seeking fishers ceased not. Two young men—one who says he is saved, but has come with his friend—muster up courage to face the Cross at the chairs below the footlights. Many minutes elapse as another will budge. Intense feeling fills the place; prayer prevails; song rises; inch by inch the battle is fought out; one of the toughest inches ever recorded—and the twelfth is got on his knees by, so to speak, sheer sweat of spirit and body.

"That was a struggle!" the General says, but the light of victory gladdened his eyes and cheered his heart. He sees farther than mere figures.

CONQUEST IN CLEVELAND.

Two Triumphs on Two Wet Nights.

NINETY-ONE PENITENTS IN ONE DAY.

Judge Lamson Declares the Army has the Confidence of Police, People, Press, and Pulpit.

THE GENERAL ADDRESSES LARGE AUDIENCES IN THE MUSIC HALL.

Lake Erie is 200 miles long, 65 wide, and the scene of a busy navigation. On its Western shore lies Cleveland, the second city of Ohio, with a population of 261,000 in 1890. Not 100 years ago it boasted of but a few rough huts. One avenue in this among the richest cities in the new world, called Euclid Avenue, or

"Millionaire's Avenue,"

abounds in representatives of enormous fortunes.

In this iron and steel and oil centre, the Army has seven corps, 1,000 soldiers, three

"The success they have achieved in Cleveland has been duplicated in nearly every city and on the globe. I have great pleasure in introducing to you General William Booth of the Salvation Army of the world." (Rattling volleys.)

"The talk was full of bright sayings, and was greatly enjoyed," the papers said. The General put social problems in a new light, though

A Very Horse Sense One,

(as our American friends say), and his solutions appeared irrefutable.

Next day (Tuesday) was a congenial one to our chief. He is never so much at home, naturally, as when in the midst of a family of officers and soldiers, such as he met at the No. 2 barracks in the morning, and when some forty of these claimed fresh power, or purity, or other spiritual advances, his cup about ran over.

FORTY-THREE SOULS ON A WET WEEK-NIGHT.

The salvation meeting in the Music Hall, at night, which concluded the Cleveland engagements, takes rank with the rest of the tour. Twenty-five hundred ignored the heavy rain and slushy thoroughfares, and sat the evening out, under the spell of the General's voice, and the glance of his keen eye.

"I feel," said he, "that I have got hold of some soul here! And with the spiritual skill of a master hand, he lashed it faster and faster to the Cross of the Christ for whom he was pleading."

The prayer meeting brought no disappointment. The chairs filled steadily. At one of them, the struggle of an ex-officer was something terrific. His dear wife, who had come back to Jesus the week before, knelt beside him, wiping the sweat from his brow, and uttering encouragements and prayer. The poor fellow nearly fainted, but he stuck to his knees, and claimed victory at the point of utter physical exhaustion.

The twenty-third repentant was led out by Major Evans' daughter. At another juncture two rough workmen embraced one another. From the front row of seats a soldier—an elderly man—who at first blamed a captain for being the means of his bookelling, and unyieldingly sent the fisher away from him, with: "I don't want to be bothered!"—strode to the penitent-form, confessing: "I knew I was wrong all the time!" But almost in the time it takes to describe this, forty-three had surrendered, and the General and his party left the hall to go direct to the care in jubilitating spirits.

TUNE—Now my heart is open wide to Thee.

Far from God in sin I strayed,
His salvation long delayed;
But my Saviour took me in,
And forgave me all my sin.

CHORUS.

Now my heart is open wide to Thee.

Now for Him I live each day,
By His side I mean to stay,
For He is my dearest Friend—
I will serve Him to the end.

He has cleansed my heart from sin,
Now He gives me peace within;
I'll not fear when death draws nigh,
For I'll dwell with Him on high.

SERGEANT MAY LANG, Peterboro'.

AN E. O. P. Headquarters' Boy.—"I'll be with you for Sunday, CAPT. PARSONS." "All right; praise God," said the Captain. After the stage-driver had fixed up our wares ready for off.

"Oh, there's Uncle Will and Aunt Mary," shouted out a sister.

Although this person was no glad to see these old friends, it was just as great a joy to grip our hands and wish us a "God bless you." She promised the Captain a couple of children the first visit she made.

There was one young man unweaned on board, and we all began to tackle him about eternal matters.

We also had a testimony meeting. Seeing the soldiers were not able to get to meetings very frequently, we sang to our hearts' content. The stage-driver, who was perched high up on the front seat outside, could not help but put in, "Praise God for a full and present salvation."

Sunday afternoon we prayed earnestly that God would come to our help in the night meeting.

On account of some special outside meetings our crowd was smaller than usual, but we hung on, and although our congregation did not number over a dozen at the start. Four souls crying for mercy was the finish, who gave their pledge that they were going to go in as soldiers and do all they could for God. —ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Let heart and house be open thrown,
Thy gifts with others share;
Let holy charity be shown,
To all who need thy care."

CAPT. A. BALDWIN, North Sydney.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK is here. I may say that one of the greatest pillars of the people is the Salvation Army; one of the strongest pillars of the S.A., is its Week of Self-Denial and Prayer; unconditional obedience and discipline in connection with all orders and regulations, can alone bring the Scheme of '94 to a successful issue. This, the Commandant and Mrs. Booth expect from their Canadian troops during Self-Denial Week. May God grant us His victory, prays

J. READ, Major.

to defend the British who cut their way during among the the assegeal wounds that will you do for

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Life Shall Find it say a visit to people (see where lives the or husband in that soul! Her path is has six children to one of the month's hours of night she impels her to practice on the great love That is the greatest plied by love.

I of men, use on high, r them, r by."

y to solidness. It in.—Capt. LAMSON.

"Women and Children First,"

OR
Self-Denial at the Front
and in the Rear.

BY THE COMMANDANT.



The one you see represented in the lifeboat, the other in the sinking ship.

TO THE RESCUE!

A moment's reflection will call to mind what is represented by the lifeboat just arrived from the distant shore. At night of the distress signals the alarm bell has been set ringing. From the embrasures wives and children stare at men have hated, perhaps for the last time to see on the boiling sea paid binding surf of the angry sea. It is a fearful night. The wind howls, the wet drives, the clouds are shivered by forks of lightning, and the heaving billows re-echo the thunder's roar. Lured on, with shawl covered heads, come down to the beach with flickering lanterns, and throw kisses to brothers, or husbands, or sons, who silently run to their places and grip the oar. One shout of good bye, one awful committal of soul and body to God, then a plunge as the launching lifeboat strikes the crest of a furious breaker. She shivers and descends, tumbling into a yawning chasm of foam. But now, another mountain approaches. It is upon her, she has no time to rise, she is overwhelmed, the wave passes over her, and yet she is not lost. The men shake themselves clear of the brine and pull on. Another rocket has been fired, and they saw it. Are they not the crew of a famous lifeboat? Are they not on duty bent? Shall they fear while others die? Shall they shrink while others shrink into the night for help? No! ten thousand times no! They are confronted by a great occasion. The spirit and inspiration of it has gotten hold of them. The very hurricane fans their passion. They dread no danger, they care for no obstacle, they spare no toil. The victims of yonder wreck are sinking. Their brains are a flame with the fact, and no fact of danger, self-sacrifice, or death is strong enough to turn them aside. And so the wreck is reached and the mariners saved.

VOICES FROM THE SEA OF ETERNITY.

Now what about your lifeboat and your great occasions? In the world of spirit, I mean. It is all very well to applaud others and donate a few cents by way of encouraging them to face the storm and embrace all kinds of privation to save others, but are there no signals of distress to be seen only from your place of vantage? God has fixed the window of your soul to overlook some particular part of life's ocean, for which He expects you to do coast guard duty. Are you doing it? Do the hundred and one signals of distress, visible from your place on land, stir no impulse of love within you? Are you not carried away by the tides of conviction? Do the suffrings and agonies, the ruin and wreckage of thousands who go under before your eyes never stir a passion stronger than your own miserable love of ease? God help and forgive you if they don't. You are a strange Christian if you will risk body and soul to keep a man's heart beating, and then do less than nothing to save his soul from a burning hell. Would it not be more consistent of you to admit at once that while you are certain he possesses a heart, you are doubtful if he has a soul to save?

My brother, a thousand wrecks, each bearing up for a while some sinking soul, are crying for the help your lifeboat alone can bring. Will you not catch the fire of heavenly excitement and rush to the launching of your capacities to the saving of those who besoon you away?

STAND BACK.

But something of another sort is represented on the sinking ship. Behold, the lifeboat comes! Weary eyes, wet with brine and long-strained to pierce the darkness, have caught the shadow of approaching help. Everybody shouts, and the shout is the shout of hope, but the vessel still settles. Ebb roaring breaker tears at her vitals; every plunge may be the last. The moments grow into minutes, and the minutes stretch themselves into hours. At last, at last, while the vessel leans over with a horrid lurch, the lifeboat is alongside, and now the cry goes up to the panting crowd groping at life from the very jaws of death: "Women and children first!" Stand back, the fiercest hearts, the bravest hands, those by whom the onerous of life are the more strongly felt, and those in whom the struggle with death is the most rampant. Stand back, and if needs be, die, while the weaker and the more helpless are saved.

HOW ABOUT THE LITTLE CROSSES?

Is there nothing analogous to this in your life as a soldier and soldier of Christ? Are you ready to take a back seat that another less than you may if may reap the privilege so dear? Are you willing to assist in saving others when the price is your own obliteration? Are you willing to stand by and manipulate the pumps while another, perhaps your inferior, mounts the ladder and directs the stream to the appliance of the overboard below? Ah, my brother, it is easier for you to do great than little things! It is easier for you to forge ahead under the excitement of some great occasion than to deny yourself of the hundred and one trivial affairs of every-day life. But, after all, it is here God calls you to the greater self-sacrifice. Are you following Him?

Is the West Ready?

Victoria, Jan. 2nd and 3rd.

Nanaimo, Jan. 4th.

18 AS P
er, Jan. 5th and



SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

BY THE GENERAL.



Is the Cross was the chosen method by which He was to reach and deliver the souls of men, He adopted the word to signify those persecutions and afflictions which His servants must endure in working out His purpose. He said that they could only be His true and loyal disciples by following in this track—"If any man will be My disciple let him deny himself, take up his Cross and follow Me."

Day by day we ought to thank God that, dark and painful though our road may be at times, He has in mercy spared us those greater sufferings, and yet we know that He will suffer no man to be afflicted for His

sake more than he is able to bear. The fulfilment of the promise is ever sure: "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

What is your Cross? Need I say by way of explanation—

1st. That the ordinary trials and troubles of life must not be put down as the Cross you have to carry for your Lord. These would have been your portion had you never heard His name, probably something of the same kind far heavier still.

2nd. Neither need I say that wearing some outward symbol of the Cross is no fulfilment of our duty. They are very simple people that could persuade themselves to this.

3rd. Nor can singing or praying or preaching about the Cross be taken alone as a discharge of this obligation. Perhaps in nothing is the insincerity and unreality of a mass of religious profession shown more clearly than by the sentimentalising that is done about the Cross. People will do anything with it except bear it.

"THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST."

Having found your Cross, have you taken it up? Have you called yourself on to other words, have you possessed, body, soul and session, to a life of self-sacrifice for the sake of the soul? People act after different ways, some studiously avoiding it, the Cross that their condemnation them very free, laying burdens previous to of others, the fringe of themselves.

Others, having found the reason themselves out, will seek to excuse themselves in painful, as though it did not hurt them. They too hard. "I shall be late or sickness or tribulation."

THE CAMPAIGN

no, Jan. 4th.

er, Jan. 5th and 6th.

The General is Coming!

New Westminster, Jan. 7th.

GO AHEAD!

Comrades, Fellow-Salvationists, and Friends,—

This issue of the "War Cry" will greet you in the midst of what we believe is to be the hardest struggle preceeding the most glorious victory of our Canadian Salvation Warfare. We would, by God's help, say another word that might help your zeal and urge you to the desperation that knows no defeat.

THE FORECAST.

Never did we enter a fight with brighter prospects. From all over the Dominion message on message has reached Headquarters of Corps, Districts, and whole Provinces going into action with a will never before equalled. Everybody seems determined to fight the battle out, and equally sure of overcoming every obstacle. The results of the Nomination have been beyond anything expected. There is good feeling, loyal affection and strong determination all down the lines. The prospects are glorious.

FOR JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE.

Let this be the motto of our Self-Denial Week of 1894. Otherwise, what good will it do us? Remember, our giving and serving must be "as unto the Lord," if of our Lord we are to be rewarded. Now for a week of real enduring for Jesus. Let your acts of Self-Denial, your collecting from house to house, your appeals from the platform, your extraordinary efforts, your solos and special services be done with the realization that He Who endured all for you is worthy of all you can render to Him. Then He won't forget you.

BE QUICK!

And make haste to do it all. This week will never come again. Put as much into it as you can. Be in dead earnest. All the truths of eternity appeal to you—all the souls that groan in sin, all the lives covered with shame, all the hearts broken by grief cry aloud to you, "Take up thy cross and follow Jesus." Make haste! It will astonish you how much you can get done, and how much you can get given, if you will only give to this endeavor the utmost of your powers. Oh, comrades, for Christ's sake we entreat you, as Christ's ambassadors, we rely on you. You will not fail your Master. Once more we shall nail to the masthead of our gallant vessel the tri-color flag of triumph. Once more we shall beat the record, carry the day, and crown the Dominion Army with laurels of conquest. Go ahead, and God go with you.

Your affectionate leaders,

John W. Booth
 May Booth.

Commissioners.

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST.

The fulfillment of
 y days so shall thy

by way of explain-

roubles of life must
 ve to carry for your
 or portion had you
 nothing of the same

ring some outward
 of our duty. They
 persuade themselves

or preaching about
 ge of this obligation,
 and unreasonably of a
 more clearly than by
 it the Cross. People

Having found your Cross, have you embraced it? Have you taken it up? Are you bearing it? Have you nailed yourself on to it? Have you got on to it? In other words, have you consecrated yourself with all you possess, body, soul and spirit, family influence and possession, to a life of self-denial, for His dear sake, and for the sake of the souls for Whom He died? Have you got on to your Cross?

People set after different fashions with the Cross? Some will very freely deal it out to others, whilst studiously avoiding it themselves. They know exactly the Cross that their comrades ought to carry, and will condemn them very freely if they decline to carry it, laying burdens grievous to be borne upon the shoulders of others, the fringe of which they refuse to touch themselves.

Others, having found the Cross, will use every means to reason themselves out of the duty of bearing it. They will seek to excuse themselves from crucifixion, because it is painful, as though it would be the Cross at all if it did not hurt them. They say, "I cannot do that; it is too hard. I shall be laughed at. It will bring me loss of sickness or tribulation in one form or other." So

they will try and excuse themselves from it, or get around it, or do anything but to get on to it.

My comrades, the best advice I can give you is—get on to the Cross. Ever remember

No Cross—no real abiding peace. Duty shirked because of pain or from any other reason, must bring condemnation. You can't save others if you go for saving yourself.

No Cross—no real service of either God or man. No Cross—no real Christianity. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. It was the sacrifice that made Him the Christ.

No Cross—no real communion with the Father. He is the way to the Father. The Father will only meet you at the Cross.

No Cross—No Crown.

So make haste, my comrades. Don't argue. The Cross lies all the way along the Heavenly Road. Hasten to take it up, run after it, overtake it.

Around your Cross the world, the flesh, and the devil will make a ring, and joining hands will seek to keep you from it. They know it is the highway to victory, to heaven, to God. They would fain bar your progress. You must break through the circle and

Triumph Over All by Getting on to Your Cross.

Self-Denial Notes

EAST ONTARIO and QUEBEC PROVINCE.

U R CHALLENGED!

YES, YOU ———. DON'T GET ALARMED, WE WON'T HURT YOU! NO MORE THAN, PERHAPS, HURT YOUR FEELINGS BY ALLOWING YOU TO PLAY SECOND FIDDLE TO US IN S.D.

WHAT DID I SEE IN THE WAR CRY the other week from the pen of that man "Jacobs?" He said something about the Ontario cities, comparing them to the East regarding wealth, etc., and went on to say if they could not come up to us on this line we should all take a back seat as regards PLUCK.

I'M SURPRISED that he should be led away like this. PLUCK, did he say!! (Two marks of exclamation, please, Mr. Editor.) Why, where do they live? Of course some people who do not see much of the world, think their own doorestep the best, but when they go away and see the glories of other places, the pluck and energy displayed by the troops of the INDEFEATABLES, they commence to wake up and find out that they are far behind the times.

Pluck!

WELL, MY DEAR FRIEND JACOBS, I admit you have a good name—Jacobs, but I would have you know that there is a possibility of your troops coming in with a halting step after East Ontario Province, and craving for a second place. PLUCK, my dear brother! I won't say all I know, but would just warn you to be ready to play second fiddle. Still, don't let this dishearten you. Cheer up, old boy!

A Child's Life Sacrificed

— FOR —

A DRUNKEN FATHER'S SAKE.



A little girl once leading home her drunken father, was unable to persuade him to take the safe road, but she prevailed upon him to let her try the slender board which spanned the yawning gulf beneath. On reaching the centre it broke and that young, loving substitute was dashed in pieces on the rocks below, while the shuddering, drink-sodden father escaped unhurt.

THE COMMANDANT

Special Soldiers' Assembly

ON

FRIDAY, 14th DECEMBER,

AT

ST. JOHN, N.B.

Please don't think, Mr. Editor, that I am down on my brother, Jacobs. Oh, no, not in the least! I think it good to warn people before they go too far and get past redemption altogether. What does my neighbor, DE BARRITT, say? Then there is MARGETTS. Please convey the tidings to them, that they can arrange among themselves where to come in AFTER THE FIRST PLACE.

SOME PEOPLE SAY, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." Well, how do you know but what ———. Ah! I must be careful what I say. Nevertheless, we are alive, and marching on to lick creation.

The question may be asked, why we don't challenge someone with a target higher than our own. Have we not done so? Are you not satisfied? Why, place your heart, we belt at no one. This takes in ALL—even the great North-West. Think we're scared of them? Not much!

DeBarritt and Morris, And Margette as well, Will all be surprised When the news is told— That Jacobs and Read Are nearly apes, And climbing the tree To get second place.

AIN'T THAT GOOD POETRY, MR. EDITOR? I heard a story of two men who challenged each other as to who could make up two last poetry. After a long confab, No. 1 started:

"I, Billy Blister, kissed your sister."

"Very good," said No. 2.

"Now, go on," said No. 1.

"All right."

"I, John Brown, kissed your wife."

"Why, that don't rhyme."

"I don't care," said he, "it's true."

Just so. Apply the ———.

Challenges Again.

NOW FOR A FEW IN THE PROVINCE. I've just arrived here (Ottawa). Have been through the Sherbrooke district, calling in to see the comrades at Montreal.

Mr. Lewis.

of Montreal I, challenges any soldier in the Dominion. Who'll take it up?

RICHMOND IS DOWN FOR \$35, and is in to beat Standstead Junction. While Captain Ayling is in to beat Richmond, and also challenge Waterloo. The Sherbrooke district will put some greater places in the shade.

YOU ALL DON'T KNOW Adj. Rion and her aides. The French district will take no back seat. Quebec is in the hands of Mrs. Mitchell, who will, by hook or crook, "get there."

Trenton challenges Morrisburg. Here's a tug of war. Now, Brindley, my boy, you watch O-De. Morrisburg did Al last year. Will Trenton beat?

Ottawa brass band challenges the Peterboro' band. Ottawa Juniors, the Kingston. Now, Peterboro' and Kingston, what do you think of this? Is there any fight in you I am led to think no, yes, I'm sure so.

Pembroke challenges Campbellford, while Campbellford challenges Port Hope. Just fancy Pembroke carrying off the prize, and allowing these two corps to fight for second place!

Plucky Renfrew dares to challenge big Brockville. This is PLUCK! Now, who will win? Will Brockville allow little Renfrew (no reflections) to leave them? Ensign MacNamara, what dost thou say?

Then again, Renfrew sends a challenge to the Pluck Juniors. Bless me, I'm commencing to feel that we have some PLUCK! Hurrah! Hurrah!! Now, they say "Birds" can fly, in fact, I've seen 'em. We have a "Glory Bird" at Pluck, who will make it hot for any one around. Now, Renfrew Juniors, to arms!

How is ENSIGN McDONALD getting along? He's Scotch, and thinks a great deal. Is he going to lick Kingston and Ottawa, and come second in the Province? Wait, friend, wait!

GOD BLESS ENSIGN and MRS. HUNTER, who have just come to Cornwall. With that pluck spoken of by friend "Jacobs," what will take place here is hard to say. We shall see.

And now for Belleville. Have they taken up the challenge thrown out by Ottawa District. Wiseman, my son Wiseman, I'll back you. Don't fear. Let me refer you to that

passage, i.e., "Cheer up." You'll find "cheer" in one place and "up" in another. Eh?

HERE IS ENSIGN COOMES and Capt. Broke-shire fiddling for all they're worth. It takes a lot of grace to sit still, especially as they play

"Captain Jinks."

Still I must not forget Cobourg. Ten years since we opened fire. This will be a kind of an anniversary Self-Denial. Remember, Ensign Bearr is one of H. F. champions, and is not easy to beat in the coming week of Self-Denial.

THE RESCUE AND SOCIAL officers in Montreal are on all fours for S.D. God bless every one.

It's near meeting time. Stop I must. Affectionate adieu, dear comrades. Remember, faith and works are twin sisters; have plenty of both. Beg for all you are worth. Pray for all you are worth.

Yours in the gospel of cheer-up and peace, SHOOTING THOMAS

Christ our Example.—"And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."—PHIL. II. 8.

This verse has always been a great inspiration to me personally, and bears on the subject we are talking and thinking about so much at the present time—Self-Denial. What an example our Saviour was! He left His Father's home and all the glories of heaven to redeem this sinful world.

From His birth Jesus practiced Self-Denial. Think of the circumstances under which He was born. We read, "They laid Him in a manger because there was no room in the inn." Compare this with the birth of a earthly prince. Hundreds of dollars are spent for magnificent cradles, robes, etc., and all that wealth will buy is thine. Then Jesus experienced all the weaknesses of the human frame. See John 4th chapter 8th verse. "Jesus therefore being tired with His journey sat thus on the wall."

We could fill a book with an account of the many ways Christ denied Himself, but will just look at His last great act of Self-Denial. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." This was considered a most disgraceful death—to be crucified, but Jesus did not choose a more honorable one. He seemed to suffer all that was possible in order to help, bless, and save others. How true are the words, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

May He inspire each of His followers with more of the SELF-DENIAL spirit. How full of it we have really had, comparing our life with His. Let us keep before us this portion of a verse, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."—MRS. ENSIGN CLARK, Windsor.

"Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things He hath done for you."—1 SAMUEL xii. 24.

"Love not in word, but in deed and in truth."

Daniel would not offer the Lord that which cost him nothing. So many try to show things off on God that are of no worth. He heard people say they have given God their pipe and tobacco, and whiskey, and gold, etc. What does God want with such gifts? They belong to the devil, give them to him. God wants yourself and the very best you have.

A man once said he had been saved for ten years, and it never cost him one cent. That of it we have really had, comparing our life with His. He gave nothing and received nothing, and went grunting about, finding fault with everybody but himself.

My experience I die daily. Self shall never than ever be crucified during SELF-DENIAL WEEK.—ENSIGN GIBSON MILLER.

I know of no means so calculated to humiliate, bless, and inspire the soul, and effectually represent the religion of Jesus Christ to the dying world, as to grasp the privilege, and practice the Christlike duty of Self-denial and self-sacrifice.

J. E. MARGETTS,

Brigadier.

C.O.P.

This year we The returns to comrades in of out-spokenly ch will get left for

Among these valiantly with Last year, this year, their nominal amount, and the Ensign Aiken command at H numbered as a 1 right and lawful homes. For there is a host listed \$30, will seconded by his What about the hearing that they b board places, have taken their the market day turn. God bless

The Temple I nomination meet amount to almost that Hamilton I and his comrades according to the corps in the city that way.

Last year, Li three times the record. To ask the too of a required some Provincial Secret come and his fact, however, d just for their confidence has n Edgewood is a every success.

Liger street Ensign Frith is that reputation the reins. Last almost double their target is S in '92; surely I will be defeated of that, Ensign of odds are just as possible \$300 have done we only \$40 sh whole of their S hip, burna, for

Capt. Markle city. It is one and it is another city. Last year almost twice as they are down brought in over

Riverside has beat every previ line. The follow scores: 1888, \$34.72; 1891, \$106.30. Their Gibbs and May will have earned whole of the Cen an acre, the con alone. Their was conducted i over \$80. That of 1892, and a the amount they

West Toronto \$28. This year on to Liger str pue. Ensign R nite.

Capt. Wlaemo city. Last ye his old name cal in bringing Rich as a Self-Denial times the amount

When we menting led by the \$100, we shall effort is left beh

What about Mrs. Dowell and war truck there for Newwood at Little Dovercon total of \$30.51 hundred per cent could hope to g total as that, already they h nation meeting

Some of our vines have fear the Central Pro In the Centa sixty-nine corp Diap. number p're that with

C.O.P. NOTES.

This year we are evidently in for success. The returns to hand so far show that our comrades in other Provinces, who have so outspokenly challenged us to mortal combat, will get left for once.

Among those who have so far really done valiantly with their nomination is Hamilton. Last year, this corps raised \$98.50. This year, their nomination so far has doubled this amount, and they have only just commenced. Ensign Aikenhead is determined that her command at Hamilton shall always be remembered as a time when her corps took its right and lawful place among the Self-Denial hoovers. Pray for them. The Treasurer listed \$30, whilst he has been most nobly seconded by his brave and devoted comrades. What about the hand? I am expecting to hear that they have visited some of the surrounding places, brought in a good sum, and have taken their place at the street corners on the market day and got in quite a good return. God bless Hamilton!

The Temple is on the right track. The nomination meeting there brought up their account to almost \$300. There was some talk that Hamilton I. would pass Capt. Savage and his comrades at the Temple, but evidently according to the look of things, our premier corps in the city is not willing to be left in that way.

Last year, Lippincott raised \$189, being three times the amount of their previous record. To ask a corps to do an increase on the top of a target like this certainly requires some confidence on the part of the Provincial Secretary, both in Capt. Edgecombe and his faithful rank and file. The fact, however, that they have reached \$120 just for their nomination only, shows our audience has not been misplaced. Captain Edgecombe is a real hoover, and we wish him every success.

Liver street has earned a reputation. Ensign Frith is determined that she will hand that reputation to whoever may next take up the reins. Last year they did \$197, being almost double the previous year, and now their target is \$300—\$200 more than they did in '92; surely little faith and weak hearts will be defeated at such a prospect. Instead of that, Ensign Frith and her faithful band of adepts are just as full of zeal and determination as possible, and towards their target of \$300 have done \$155 at the nomination, and are only \$145 short of what was done by the whole of their Self-Denial effort of '93. Hip, hip, hurrah, for Legar street.

Capt. Markle has only just come to the city. It is one thing to fight in the country, and it is another thing to overcome in the city. Last year his corps did \$210, being almost twice as much as in 1892. This year they are down for \$225. Their nomination brought in over \$100.

Riverside made a noble fight in '03, and beat every previous record on the Self-Denial list. The following figures speak for themselves: 1888, \$29.77; 1889, \$49.79; 1890, \$34.72; 1891, \$29.93; 1892, \$33.33; 1893, \$106.30. Their target is now \$150. If Capt. Gibbs and May can reach this target then they will have earned the congratulations of the whole of the Central Ontario Province, and I am sure the commendation of their Communitarian. Their nomination meeting, which was conducted by Mrs. de Barratt, realized over \$50. That is more than the whole total of 1892, and a little more than one-third of the amount they have to do in '94.

West Toronto, last year, piled up a total of \$28. This year the amount has been tacked on to Legar street, as it is worked as an outpost. Ensign Frith has this additional \$46 to raise.

Capt. Wiseman is also a new chum in the city. Last year the prince of beggars and his old name sake was there, and succeeded in bringing Richmond street right to the front as a Self-Denial hoover, and piled on three times the amount they did the year before. When we mention at their nomination meeting, led by the Brigadier, they got more than \$100, we shall see that already last year's effort is left behind.

What about little Dovecourt? Ensign Mrs. Dewell and Oudet Lowery are on the war track there. Capt. Smith had to leave for Norway at the last moment. Last year little Dovecourt piled on the magnificent total of \$30.51, an increase of about four hundred per cent on the year before. Who could hope to fight against such a magnificent total as that, and certainly to know that already they have piled up \$30 at their nomination meeting was a stunner.

Some of our comrades of the other Provinces have fearlessly challenged the clans of the Central Province.

In the Central Ontario Province we have thirty-nine corps and circle corps, and the Duke number of officers, alms, etc. Compare that with the fifty-six corps of the



Many a gory battle-field is witness to the Self-denial that the killing warfare has called for. The war to save men calls for special denial of self this week. What will you reply?

Western Ontario Province and their staff of 118 officers, or with the Harvest Festival champion of East Ontario, with their forty-four corps and number of officers. Then there is our comrades in the East, that paradise of Salvationism, who have fifty-two corps to their credit, with their 118 officers, and we can well understand how Central Ontario comrades can exclaim, "Hit a man as big as yourself."

Compliments to our brother Provincials and sincere regrets that we shall be compelled to leave them in the lurch.

Capt. Banks is at Brampton, and that is a guarantee that Brampton is in for a year of victory. Last year we found that this corps came out some behind its previous effort, and we are calling upon every soldier and friend in Brampton to assist Capt. Banks to wipe off the defeat of last year.

Reference to last week's Cry brought out our Barrie D. Co., not only as a Self-Denial champion, but as a Salvationist blessed with a poetical genius. That effusion exhausted our comrades' time, and we have not yet received the amount of their nomination. Last year Barrie did \$113. This year they are down for \$200. The Ensign goes in to lick creation. We shall be more than satisfied if he shall hold down his \$200 target.

Orilla is one of those corps that has a record to make. Last year it appears they did \$20.35. This year, Capt. Stagers is determined that Orilla should take the place she deserves, and to that end, God helping her, she will over-reach the \$75 target.

Collingwood raised, last year, \$145. Owing



He was found dead with the colors of his regiment still gripped in his lifeless hand. Brave Self-Denier!

weeks, and now that I am in a Protestant, English-speaking country, it affords me an inexpressible pleasure to do something to help on those who labor for the Master under circumstances less favorable than I myself do. That enterprising, energetic, Salvation Army champion, Ensign MacAmmond now holds the reins. Just as might be expected, he has already telephoned that their nomination has surpassed the total result of last year.

Bracebridge is in the midst of difficulty. Whilst repairing their barracks the whole structure fell to the ground. A stone foundation has been put in, a beautiful building is nearly in completion, and the practical gratitude of our Bracebridge comrades will be manifested by the roaching of their target for '94, \$100, or an increase of \$26.41 for last year.

Ensign Ayre has made a reputation, first as a soul-saver, secondly as an over-comer of difficulties. In 1893, \$70.17 was raised for Self-Denial. In fixing their target we have borne in mind the following considerations: Firstly, the importance of Lindsay as a town and her population; secondly, the General's visit, which has created wide-spread interest and affection; thirdly, the presence of Ensign Ayre, a prince amongst hoovers. Their target is \$300.

Ensign Arkett, late of St. Catharines, is now at Uxbridge. I almost felt tempted to write saying he had an easy task before him, and I fear his target is altogether too low. However, our comrades in Uxbridge can easily remedy that. Since their target was fixed at \$75, or an increase of \$49 over last year, they have been favored with a visit from the Commandant. Already the Ensign has received a substantial sum towards his Self-Denial. Uxbridge is an important centre, and it is hard to associate the sum of \$26, which was obtained in Uxbridge last year, with that place.

Personally, before God, and with the sense of His presence upon me, as never before, I have told Him that for the sake of the poor, perishing multitudes; for the credit of our beloved Dominion; for the encouragement of our beloved Communitarian, and for the trust and best interests of the Kingdom, that He can rely upon me as never before to push forward the claims of Self-Denial. What say you to this? BRADDOCK DE BARRATT.

NOW, I have only my old motto for you. It is mine more than ever now, and will remain so till death, and I have no doubt even after the cold river is passed, and that is, GO FORWARD! There must be more prayer, more holy living, more faith, more generosity, more sympathy, more fighting in the Open-air and in the Dripping Saloons and in the Slums, more struggling for the Submerged, and then we shall have more Converted Drunkards, and Infidels, and Blasphemers and Pharisees; then we shall have more Soldiers, more Officers, more Corps, more Death-bed Triumphs, and more Representatives in Glory.—THE GENERAL.

ROBBING GOD.



ILL a man rob God," is a strange question to ask, and yet it is true that people do rob God in many things. Some

soldiers last year promised to give a certain amount for Self-Denial; when the time came to do so, they learned that the officers had reached their targets, the temptation came to them not to give, and they yielded to it, thus keeping back what they promised to the Lord. Self-Denial and the Gospel chariot had to suffer through their selfishness. Take care this year.

Ananias and Sapphira.

A very poor soldier last year promised to give twenty-five cents for Self-Denial. When I called on her to give, the Lord had told her to give the widow's mite. Thinking that she had only fifty cents in her purse, she promised to obey the voice of God; but when opening her purse, she found one dollar; for a minute she paused and seemed stammered, not knowing what to do. At last she said, "I remember the case of Ananias and Sapphira, take the dollar, it is every cent I have in the world, but the Lord will provide." In three days she received a letter with \$3 therein.

Do Thou Likewise.

J. D. SHARP.

The S.-D. Song We'll Sing IN THE W. O. P.

BY BRIGADIER MARGOTTE.
TUNE—The Army A B C.



N this year's Self-Denial
we'll one and all unite,
To reach our given goal we'll
make a desperate fight;
Three, six, four, seven—the
figure we shall raise,
And give unto our Leader,
King Jesus, all the praise.

Recruits and converts, sol-
diers, F.O.'s, D.O.'s, and
friends,
Engaged in S.-D. war, the
the message hereby sends

To all our comrades dear, throughout Domini-
on fair,
Be on your guard and closely watch, or you'll
be in the rear.

Ensign and Mrs. Moore and Chatham troops,
you'll see,
Will hit their target bang, as also Ensign Lee,
Who at the northern point, well known as
O'ran Sound,
Will tag and tag to pass by his target with a
bound.

L-O-T-T-I-E O-G-L-L-V-(I)-E,
The Division troops will march to victory
you will see;
And the Strathroy honny hope and girls, J.
Gals will march along,
And the song you'll hear them singing will be
a victory song.

Who's going to be the champion among the
twelve D.O.'s?
Is one great burning question perplexing the
F.O.'s;
It may be Collier, Lowry, it may be Arthur Cees,
But Ensigns Clarke and Fraser the former
want to pass.

But what a frightful shock if Miller-Gideon,
Or Levi Taylor, Malthy, or little Palmerston,
Should take the cake this year, and reach the
very spot
Where all the great big champions had reck-
oned they had got.

How some good folks would chuckle, how
Commandant would stare!
So for a big surprise, dear leader, please pre-
pare;
Oft might'y foes are conquered when men will
dare and do,
Nought less than that we're in for I wish to
inform you.

But tales to me are told by others than
D.O.'s;
Some came from real "hard-shops," few came
from easy goes.
The following list may help you to know what
to expect,
For I can't think that one dear soul their duty
will neglect.

Shaw and Cook at Ridgetown, and Brant at
Tilbury,
Orchard still at Blenheim, have all pledged
victory
The latest Capt. Dover, at Bothwell and
Thamesville,
As also Dean and Pettit, are bent on doing well.

Our German corps, by Junkin, will take a
great big leap,
Just look out, Galt and Branigan, you dare
not think of sleep,
Or you'll get left behind, for the newly mar-
ried pair—
McCleods, St. Thomas city, may march past
you; beware!

And news down at Dutton, McDonald may be
sure
Will take the same position St. Marye did
before
Unless you're pretty smart, my boy; and just
one other thing,
You keep your eye on David Smith, he's
hooming Wyoming.

But Sarnia, I have heard, instead of three-
score Bills and ten,
May double that, for Fisher just seems to be
the man;
To Roe's fight at Forest, and Barker's Warton,
And Crawford's spolia at Chelsey, I hope to
say, "Well done!"

In '93, at Drayton, S.-D. was rather low,
But Martin and her Captain will make a better
show;
And Brussels Rowe will higher rise, while
Rathledge Listowel
Will come to make a forward march; those
boys last year did well.

Yes, Wingham, too, will hit it, for Captain
Cookerill
Last year at Galt, I state it, made their target
higher swell

Is My Cross too Much for Me?

(Reprinted by special request.)

By MRS. HERBERT H. BOOTH.

Moderato. mf.

Is my cross too much for me? Is my cross too much for me? When I

dim

con-tem-plate how bravely He endured the Cross to save me From the sins that did en-

dim & rall.

slave me, Is my cross too much for me? No, no, no, no, I count, I count no sacrifice too

mf.

dear, I count no sa-cri-fee too dear; Since etc.

cres.

dear, no cross too dear, I count no sa-cri-fee too dear, no cross too dear; Since Jesus died for

dim

No sa-cri-fee I count too dear.

dim

re-bel like me, No sa-cri-fee, no sa-cri-fee I count too dear, I count too dear.

Is my cross too much for me,
When I see His cross uprising,
See Him shame and death despising,
And with love His foes baptizing,
Is my cross too much for me?

Is my cross too much for me,
With His presence ever near me,
With His love to bless and cheer me,
And His faithful pledge to cheer me,
Is my cross too much for me?

Is my cross too much for me?
Are the burdens that oppress me,
Or the sorrows that distress me,
Greater than the gifts that bless me,
Is my cross too much for me?

Is my cross too much for me?
Swift the days of life are wearing,
Soon will cease my burden-bearing,
Then the glory ever sharing,
Is my cross too much for me.

Is my cross too much for me?
No, dear Saviour, I will never
Shirk the cross, but bear it ever.
Nought from Thee my soul shall sever,
Leaving all I follow Thee.

Then in any previous year, so look out
Malton,
If you would heat your last command just get
a smart move on.

My dear friend Wynn, at Goderich, you'll
have to pull and tug,
'Twas conqueror Arthur Cees last year so high
your corps did lug;
Cheer up and fight the giant, and Lang and
Patterson,
You know the Mitchell people, and how to
lead them on.

Bayfield braves and comrades, and Captain
Cramor, too,
Your target is a figure you easily can do;
Your last year's leader—Storey—to Tilson-
burg has flown,
She means to hit her target and show you how
it's done.

Brantford is a city, and Capt. Richardson,
With brakes off, throttle open, full steam is
putting on;
While Wakefield, Norwich comrades, will
bring right to the front,
E'en tho' himself and wife take of the work
the hump.

Parkhill, by now F.O.'s, and Theodora
through Comstock,
And Watford Harper, Heater, will split the
S.-D. rock;
And in the western corner, Johnson and
Findley
Will bring right up to very scratch, Amherst-
burg, you will see.

Combar, Tooko and Rook, and Essex, Mitchell,
Reed,
Will make the S.-D. contest very, very hot;

Howcroft and Matthews, too, you'll see, at
pretty Leamington,
With steadfastness and good success will shoot
the S.-D. gun.

Kemptville will get its share, I see this very
clear,
For plans are laid to shake it, A. S. is going
there;
And in the Woodstock district at Paris in the
dale,
Branigan and Hallett will raise the S.-D. gale.
But don't be sure of champions, or laurels you
may win,
Until two other little guns you've tested and
have seen
What they can do; I tell you, e'en tho' you're
pretty smart,
You'll have to keep real wide awake, or you'll
be in the dark.

Sam Wiggins is the one, he's down at Ingersoll,
Remember Essex last year, he did a mighty
pull;
The Scotch are great for getting, too, and for
the S.-D. heat;
McKenzie's new at Stratford, she's a terror,
sure to beat.

Just one more little word—'twill be a funny
thing
If after all that's written the poorest gets the
ring;
I shall not be at all surprised if Jacobs, Bar-
ritt—bark!
Scott, Read, and Morris, after all, are left
right in the dark.

(We have shaved Brigadier Margotte's copy very clean
lately, and we tried hard to so up the above down to
the very letter, but the Brigadier has outwitted me; it
won't admit of it without vitiating the sense so very
precious to the Editorial Staff, viz: S.-D.—Ed.)

SELF-SACRIFICE

The Telegraph Wire and on the Engine.

HE Sandstone Sta-
tion is a mile out of
the town of the
same name, and
Kettle River,
crossed by a great
bridge, flows be-
tween. Bulls was at his instrument when
the eastern train, bringing 500 refugees,
passed back to Sandstone. He flung the
train in the darkness, went back to his
burning office, wired north to stop all



southbound business, to give a free road,
and sent the train back as quickly as pos-
sible, knowing that the bridge might be
afire at any moment. When the train
arrived at the 1,500 foot bridge, Flagman
Jesse was saw it burning brightly in several
places, but he at once decided that the
chance of getting over was preferable to
sure death on the track, and it went on.
Five hundred lives bless the promptness of
these two men.

The hero of Hinckley drove his train
through a furnace of

Six Miles of Burning Bush

and saved the lives of 300 persons who had
boarded his train. He came through the
fiery ordeal scared and almost unrecogniz-
able. On the day on which the town of
Hinckley was swept away by a bush fire,
with great loss of life, he ran for miles
through smoke so dense that he had to
light the headlight. He had no idea the
fire was so near, and not till he ran into
Hinckley did he know the great peril his
train was in. There he found several
hundred panic-stricken people gathered at
the station, who immediately took posses-
sion of his train. The fire was all around
him and he resolved to push back to the
marsh he had passed. Wrapping his over-
coat around his head and stationing his
fireman in the manhole of the tank so as to
throw water on him to

Keep Him from Roasting.

he backed his train six and a half miles to
the marsh, the fire upon all sides of him.
Here he and others cleared the train and
made for the water, where they lay flat
while the flames passed over them. The
train caught fire and the heat from the
burning cars increased their suffering.
Here they lay for many hours until a
rescuing party came up on hand cars.

A former officer, who was obliged to quit
the field through domestic circumstances,
writes: "I have been asked many times if I
would go away as an officer again if I could
I would gladly go, as I love the work done
than my life. In the few years that I was an
officer I saw over 1,000 souls brought to
Christ. Hallelujah! Bless God for ever."
M. W.

WHAT ABOUT YOU COUGHT TO BE CANDIDATES
WHO HAVE NO HOME TIES TO BIND YOU?

SELF-DEI

Specially Contri

Picton.—In one of
year, visions and fi-
ends, did without in-
cross, but the cross
others ate potatoes
gave their meat, he
Kingdom. When y
not give God the
floor. Do not say y
someone else the h
buns for grace to s
shoulder is bravely,
A. A. K.

Aurora.—The fol-
lowing is one of the nobles
framing from permit
increases the virtue
refrain, because con-
work and often
Rejoice.

The Necessity of
The saying seems to
take of thy cross and
is always ready, an-
place. Run where to
avoid it; turn whol
the things above or
which is within or w
all certainty find
would enjoy peace
crown of glory, it is
place and in all even
willingly, and in pa
If thou bear the cro
beyond the reach
God shall take awa
heart. Take up the
follow Jesus in the
living life.—Capt. L

Lindsay.—

"Give as you wou
Awaited your
Give as you wou
Found you wh
Give as you wou
If you met H
Give as you wou
If His hand you

Picton.—SELF-DEI
sion, restraining ey
juris to the body
strengthens the body
the place of a her
creature, cared for
wall whom no othe
daughter. Tears fl
bread, clothes, boot
animal, despised by
Girls whose mother's
tears on account of
laughed at, scorned,
not cradly ourself

"The Luxury of
one has termed it, is
learning to appreciate
qualified to give my
but I conceive it to n
my life of the Spirit
His life dear unto
the widow's mite, w
outward standard, h
prompted and the a
involved.—Capt. Ros

"He that spared
livered Him up for
with Him also freely
Rom. viii. 32.

While sergeant W
DENIAL, one house
aid they had enough
cherishes, and had n
Salvation Army.

Sergeant asked if h
them. Privilege gr
one save a quarter an
SELF-DENIAL.
Near houses they de
with S. A. sergeant
with the people, m
(Yes) Afterwards g
SELF-DENIAL, and an
Faith and works go
Dwelling myself for
bumping blessing to
great lover of Skis-
DENIAL.

The Self-Denial of
to pass in those days
mountain to pray, an
Prayer to God."—Se
"For even Christ
Rom. xv. 3.

"Not my own, n
Freely all to
To be used in j
For the glory
W. H.

SELF-DENIAL BITS,

Specially Contributed by Our F.O's.

PICOT.—In one of our soldier's homes last year, visitors and friends, children and parents, did without better. It seemed a little cross, but the cross produced a dollar. Some others ate potatoes and salt for seven days; gave their meat, honey, butter, etc., to the Kingdom. When you grind your wheat do you give God the bran and the devil the flour? Do not saw your cross in two and give someone else the half, but go to God's storehouse for grace to strengthen you, and then shoulder it bravely, lovingly, and cheerfully. A. A. K.

ANORA.—The following I came across in a book:—"SELF-DENIAL for the good of others is one of the noblest of all virtues, and refraining from permitted things, for this reason, increases the virtue of the world, while to refrain, because compelled by law, is unworthy and often demoralizing."—Lionel. RESCUER.

The Necessity of Bearing the Cross.—The saying seems hard to all, "Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me." The cross is always ready, and waits for me in every place. Run where thou wilt, thou canst not avoid it; turn which way thou wilt, either to the things above or the things below, so that which is within or without thee, thou wilt in all certainty find the cross, and if thou wouldst enjoy peace and obtain the unfading crown of glory, it is necessary that in every place and in all events thou shouldst bear it willingly, and in patience possess thy soul. If thou bear the cross it will soon bear thee beyond the reach of suffering, where God shall take away all sorrow from thy heart. Take up thy cross, therefore, and follow Jesus in the path that leads to everlasting life.—Capt. RUTLEDGE.

LADY.—

"Give as you would if an angel
Avalled your gift at the door,
Give as you would if to-morrow
Found you where waiting was o'er.
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look,
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took."
—Lionel. SLATER.

PICOT.—SELF-DENIAL is a cross of crucifixion, restraining appetites that are not injurious to the body, and even that which strengthens the body. It is placing oneself in the place of a homeless, fallen, degraded creature, cared for by no one, such as the wife whom no cheerful voice calls son or daughter. Tears flowing for the want of bread, clothes, boots, and care. Drunkards, criminals, despised by the proud, vain world. One whose mother's pillows are wet with tears on account of the absent one who is lauded at, scorned, and rejected. Can we not crucify ourselves for them?—A. A. K.

"The Luxury of Self-Denial" as some one has termed it, is a delight which I am but learning to appreciate, and so I hardly feel qualified to give my opinion on the subject, but I conceive it to mean the embodiment in my life of the Spirit of Him who counted not His life dear unto Him, and its value, like the widow's mite, will be measured not by outward standard, but by the motive which prompted and the amount of real self-denial involved.—Capt. ROSS.

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"—Rom. viii. 32.

White sergeant was collecting for SELF-DENIAL, one house he entered the inmates said they had enough to do for their own churches, and had nothing to spare for the Salvation Army.

Bergeant asked if he might have prayer with them. Privilege granted. After praying, one gave a quarter and another ten cents for SELF-DENIAL.

Next home they don't want anything to do with S. A. sergeant. "Well, I'm praying with the people, may I pray with you?" (Yes.) Afterwards gets twenty-five cents for SELF-DENIAL, and an invitation to call again. Faith and works go together.

Denying myself for others brings me a big, bumping blessing to my own soul. I'm a great lover of SELF-DENIAL.—Capt. BROADBENT.

The Self-Denial of Jesus.—"And it came to pass in those days that He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."—St. LUKE vi. 12.

"For even Christ pleased not Himself."—Rom. x. 3.

"Not my own, my time, my talents, Freely all to Christ I bring, To be used in joyful service For the glory of my King."

W. H. BYRNS, Fredericton.

What Christlike Self-Denial Our "War Cry" Sellers Practice the Year Round!

HERE IS A SUBJECT FOR A POET!



"Don't you think it would be better to stop your fighting, and come to Jesus?"

BRANTFORD.—While entering a hotel one day, when I got to the door, the proprietor said to me: "Don't you go in there now, my lassie, for there is a fight on there now. Please don't go in." But I said: "I must go!" So I entered, and laid my hand on a great, large man's shoulder. As the blood ran down his face, tears rose in his eyes. I said to him: "Don't you think it would be better for you to stop your fighting, and come to Jesus?" As the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said: "Yes!" Then he gave me a quarter, and took five WAR CRYS.

I could say, "Praise the Lord!" Well, I am glad I can say from my heart, that I am blessedly saved, fighting against the devil.

You lassies who sell the CRYS, don't get disappointed, but go on, and Jesus will bring you off more than conquerors.

MAY JACKSON.

S.-D. TICKLERS!

Do you believe it is right for a man to be in Business?

Is it right for a man to sell Clothing?

Or Grocery, or Milk, or Stationary?

Or anything else that is not destroying the health of body, soundness of mind, and the salvation of the soul?

Is it right for a man to give part of his profits to an organization, to which he believes to be doing the most good to humanity?

Is it right for a man to give all his profits to that organization after he is convinced it is having wonderful success in rescuing the submerged?

Is it right for a man to give up all his time and talents to be used in making money to further that cause which suffers for the want of funds?

If so, then what do you mean by grumbling about the Trade operations of the Army?

If so, why don't you deny yourself of the pleasure of pricing things in a dozen stores, and buy at last where you can get it cheapest, and having denied yourself of that pleasure, buy at the S.A. Stores, where you know all profits are devoted to the extension of the Kingdom of God?

Why don't you, as Soldier, or Bandman, or Officer, get your Uniform-suit, and all clothing in fact, from our Stores, after having repeatedly avowed your intention to do all that lieth in your power to help the S.A.?

Don't you know, that you would also be sure you are not buying the product of sweating?

If you must answer these questions in the affirmative, then, what excuse will you make to yourself to justify your consistency when you do not patronize the S.A. Trade Headquarters?

And what will the Trade Secretary say?

LOOK OUT FOR THE RESURRECTION OF THE COMPETITION LIST

IN NEXT WEEK'S "WAR CRY."

Edited by Mr. Spunk Spookendyke, Jr.

MOTTO:

"Loosen Him, and Let Him Go."

OVERCOATS.

Indigo Dye. Good Value. Fit Guaranteed.

	WITH CAP.	WITHOUT CAP.
MELTON CLOTH, F. L.	22 00	\$20 50
" " M.	20 00	19 00
" " O. X.	24 00	19 50
" " D. M.	24 00	19 50
" " F. M.	24 00	19 50
" " V. O. R.	18 50	15 50
BEAVER CLOTH, F. O.	32 00	30 00
" " F. P.	22 00	20 00
" " A. X.	22 00	15 00
" " Q.	20 00	16 00
NAP CLOTH, M. N.	24 50	19 00
" " O. N.	15 00	11 50

WORSTED or SERGES, best qualities, fast dye, from \$15 to \$27, with Cape; from \$15 to \$22 without Cape.

ULSTERS

With Long Cape.

MELTON CLOTH, F. L.	22 00
" " M.	20 00
" " O. X. or D.	22 00
" " F. M.	21 00
" " V. O. R.	17 00
BEAVER CLOTH, F. O.	24 00
" " F. P.	20 00
" " A. X.	21 00
" " Q.	18 00
NAP CLOTH, M. N.	21 00
" " O. N.	12 50

WORSTED or SERGES, in great variety, fast color, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$19, \$20, and \$25.

Samples and Self-Measurement Forms sent Free to any address in the Dominion of Canada, on Application to the Trade Secretary.

WHAT IS ALL THE TALK NOW?

I'VE GOT THE JUBILEE TEA!

Trade Secretary, Toronto:

DEAR COMRADE,—I am afraid you will begin to grow impatient with my oft-troubling you to increase our order. I have hoped each week to have enough for Sunday's meetings, but each time sold out before Saturday eve, and requests then on the Sunday for them. Kindly increase our order twenty-five (25) WAR CRYS, and ten (10) Young Soldiers.

Yours for victory,

ERIKSON LOWRY.

N.B.—Don't be afraid, my dear Comrade, of getting me impatient, for I wish from the bottom of my heart that some more would trouble me in the way you do. I hope you won't have enough now for Sunday night.

Yours watching,

TRADE SECRETARY.

MISSING COLUMN.

When sending your Self-Denial offering, think of the thousands of lost husbands, wives, daughters, and prodigal sons who have been found and restored by the Salvation Army agencies.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HANNAH E. BROWN, Commandant, S.A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

138. SHEPPARD, Mrs. Libbie. Of Brockport, N. Y., who, some time ago, called at the S.A. Lifeboat, Toronto, please write to the same at once, as they have news for her. American Cry please copy.

147. GLOVER, Charles. Left his home on June 28th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, black stockings, laced brown coat. Aged 15 years. Information leading to his whereabouts will be rewarded by William Glover, Campbellton, N. B.

145. HATES, John. Native of Armagh, Ireland. Went to Ballyshannon Co., Armagh, where he lived until about 1887, when he went to college in Liverpool. Last he -d in 1888. Age about 22 years. His brother, Thomas G. Hates, late of Belfast, is at present living at Sheffield, Man. As he is very sick any information as to his brother's whereabouts will be most gratefully received.

144. HAMILL, Chas. R. Twenty years of age, dark, curly hair, rather tall. Last heard of at Gordon's Camp, about 20 miles from Hinchey, Minn., U.S.A. His parents and his cousin in Toronto are anxious to hear from him. When last heard from he intended leaving for Los Angeles, California. U. S. Cry please copy.

146. GLAVILLE, James. Left Cornwall with his wife, who was a Miss Taylor, for Australia, between forty and fifty years ago. He must now be over eighty. When last heard from was supposed to be in Southern Australia engaged in farming. His wife's niece—daughter of Mrs. Glaville's only sister—Mrs. B. is anxious to communicate with some of the family. Please write Mrs. O. McKenney, Box 47, Nanaimo, B.C. Australian Cry please copy.

147. HARDE, H. R. Last heard of in Woodstock, Ont. English, tall, thin, impecable appearance, usually attends the Army; has friends in Toronto. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please write S. A., Toronto. American Cry please copy.

148. TAYLOR, J. A. Last heard of thirteen years ago, then in Aranda, Mason County, Washington, U. S. A. Age 25 years, blue eyes, brown hair, height 5 feet 9 inches, medium size. His mother Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor, is very anxious to hear from him. Address c/o A. Ribson, Esq., Mulock, Miller & Co., 99 King St. East. All Cry please copy.

149. HENDRIX, John. Son of the late James Hendrix, St. John, N. B. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts please write Salvation Chapel, London, Ont. American Cry please copy.

149. YOUNG, David. When last heard of was living in Dublin, Ireland. He is about 55 years of age. His sister, Mrs. James Gorbett, Orangeville, Ontario, is most anxious to hear from him. English Cry please copy.

147. HAREN, Martin and Bridget. The former, when last heard of, was a conductor on the G. T. R. Their friends are very anxious to hear from them. Address as above.

147. CROSS, David, John, Annie, Dr. Shilton Cross and Elizabeth Cross. This family, when last heard of, was in Victoria, British Columbia. Annie married Mr. Franklin, and is supposed to be in Australia; Elizabeth married a Mr. Martin. Their friends are very anxious. Anyone having any information please write to above address. English Cry please copy.

147. HOLMES, Sidney Charles. Last known address, 10 Chapple St., Edgeware Rd., London, Eng. His mother has not heard from him for six years. If he will write to her 242 St. Catherine St., Montreal, he will hear something to his advantage. English Cry please copy.

147. SMITH, H. J. Left home in 1863. Letter received in 1870 from Adelaide, South Australia. He was then a shepherd living about twenty miles from Gallipoli. Last heard of in 1872, then working as a well digger, on the property now owned by the son of the late Duncan McCulloch. If still living will be about 60 years old. Any information thankfully received by his father, James Smith, Antigonish, N. S., Canada.

148. KERLEY, Egan. Left home, Newfoundland, four years ago. Last heard of in April, 1898. Was then in New Brown, near Chatham, Washington, U.S. Age 24, height 5 ft. 7, broad shouldered, brown hair, blue eyes, small mark on side of nose and face. His mother, Mrs. Joseph Kerley, Rockingham, N. S., is anxious. American Cry please copy.

BROWN, Charlie. Son of Mrs. Gough, of Montreal Pool, Leebrook, Shrewsbury, England, who left England 18th June, 1850, by s.s. "Sardinian," for Canada, afterwards went to Michigan. He wrote from McMillan and from Rosecommon in 88. His mother is very anxious to hear from him. Medium height, dark complexion. Has worked at lumbering and on railway. New York Cry please copy.

147. PALMER, Harvey. Age 32. Tall. Last heard of three years ago in Vancouver, B. C. Has been in H. M. Service, also in the Police Force. His father anxiously enquires. Also Mrs. Palmer, Harvey, last heard of at Calgary, three and a half years ago.

147. KEES, George. Last address (12 months ago) Maple Bridge P. O., Muskoka, Ont. Age 16, tall, thin, dark eyes, medium complexion. His mother enquires.

St. John, N.B.—There is a sweetness in SELF-DENIAL known only to those who live the Christ-life, walk the Christ-path, and are actuated by His blessed Spirit.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."—II. Cor. viii. 9.—ESIGNA A. THILLY.

A faithful man shall abound with blessing; but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.—Prov. xxiii. 20.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

**Dragged His Famished Body
Miles Over City Pavement
to share One Last Stale
Crust with His Dying
Wife and Child.**

SELF-DENIAL IS LOVE IN ACTION. LOVE—EVEN
EARTHLY, HUMAN LOVE—HAS POWER TO IM-
PEL TO ACTS, TO ANIMATE, AND TO
INSPIRE THE LOVER.



HE following story of
tender solicitude and
love is taken from an
English newspaper:—
"A woman was re-
moved from a tenement
to the hospital. The
next day a visitor
called upon her.

He, her husband, brought her little child in
his arms, whose pinched face and thin,
emaciated body too eloquently told the story
of want.

Wary from his long walk the man sat
down in the reception room.

At a glance the doctor saw that the parent
and child were weak, nigh unto death. A few
skilful questions and the truth came out.

Food had not passed his lips for days, and
only

A Few Moistened Crumbs

of stale bread had passed the child's. In his
pocket he had a portion of a loaf, and it was
hard and stale.

"Why did you not eat this?" asked the
doctor of the famished man.
"I brought it for her," he whispered
hoarsely. "Not knowing that food was sup-
plied to the sick, this poor creature had
dragged his wretched, famished body many
miles over the city's pavements, bearing in
his arms the dying child that she (his wife)
might share his crumbs with him.

What could be more pitiful!
What deed of heroism applauded by

A Boisterous World,

with the waving of flags and the booming of
cannon, could be more noble than this act of
self-sacrifice!"

How often do we see God's people (profes-
sionally) spending money to merely gratify their
selfish appetites in the matter of amusements,
etc., yet, when asked to give to God's work,
they seem to think a threepenny piece quite
enough, and even grumble over that.

How mean and despicable such conduct
appears; it would be well if all such would
take a lesson from this poor, ignorant man
who starved himself that

She Whom He Loved

might have a few crumbs.
If, to any degree, we have sunk into a state
of lethargy, let us shake ourselves and be
active, and the Self-Denial effort will not
only beat all previous years financially, but
we shall come out better soldiers, and more
like our Master, than ever before.

J. J. L. McEachern.

"War Cry" Sales and Soul-Saving Rise
Proportionately.

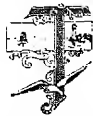


(Bravo!—Ed.)

"A live dog is better than a dead
lion," and a thanksgiving poor man,
be his mite ever so small, is better
than the give-nothing rich man. Be
a giver whoever you are.

AN APPEAL TO ALL!

I ASK FOR FOUR THINGS.



THE GENERAL says: *First.* I ask that you shall *Deny yourself*
that which is really of some value. You will remember that when
David wanted a site on which to erect an altar to his God, and was
offered one free of charge, he declined to receive it, and said he
would not offer to God that which cost him nothing. Now, make
up your mind that you will, during this week, make an offering to
God of something that shall involve a real self-denial in your heart,

whether it be at the cost of some food or clothing, or some other thing, or
whether it be the money itself. Offer to Him something that costs you something.

Secondly. *Deny yourself* of something by which the Master shall be the
Gainer, or the Master's cause, which is the same thing. Let there be some profit
come out of it for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Thirdly. Whatever you do, do it thoughtfully, consider carefully how you
can best carry out your wishes.

Fourthly. Be sure and do anything and everything that you are led to do in
the interests of Jesus Christ for the good of man. This, from first to last, must
be, and shall be, a benevolent week. A week of love, a week in which we will
forget ourselves, and our own interests and pleasures and reputation, and aim, more
than ever before, at the honor and well-being of others. Our motto this week
shall specially be, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill
toward men."

Wanted—Self-Deniers.

TUNE—Oh, are you saved? (S. M., Vol. II,
No. 88; E. J., No. 91.)

WANTED, to be self-deniers,
Thousands out of every land,
To cult in one grand effort,
Which unparalleled shall stand.

CHORUS.

Pray and deny, and boldly try
To raise the total higher;
We need the call to one and all
To be a self-Denier.

"Wanted! you are always wanting!"

So we hear the critics say,
So we are and always shall be,
In the rat we must not stay.

Wanted, not a host of hangers,
Who can talk but never give;
Theory's ok, let's have the practice,
By it we shall show we live.

Wanted in this great,
Big effort,

All the atoms to
combine;
Let the "muckies" make
the "muckies,"
Thus return Thee
what is Thine.

Serge Major Attson,
Rock Ferry.

What Prophets Practiced.

TUNE—The Ranter.

TO those who growl
at Self Denial
Just let me speak a
little while.

There are some things
I'd like to mention.
Kindly give me your
attention.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

Good Abraham gave Isaac up,
Although it was a bitter cup,
But the Lord He gave him Isaac back,
And blessed all nations through that act.

Yes, Jacob, Joseph, Moses too,
And all the Prophets, not a few,
Gave God the glory all the while,
And daily practiced Self Denial.

And Jesus, Who all things does own,
Denied Himself and left His throne;
He laid His crown in glory by,
And came to earth for us to die.

W. H. BURNS, Fredericton.

Sacrificing Saviour.

TUNE—Anything for Jesus. (B. B. 78.)

SANCTIFYING Saviour,

Can I ever know,
Lying in Thy favor,
Freedom from the foe.

Unpolluted fountain,
It is un'o me,
That the sinless promise
Points to liberty.

CHORUS.

Yielded to my Jesus,
I will be,
Consecratedly,
All of self disowning,
Jesus all my plea.

Come, Thou Holy Spirit,
Saturate my soul,
Purging all the stains of self
Which my life control.

All enapt in pleasing
Him I soon shall see,
True in heart and im-
pulse,

Now my life shall be,
Like HOLYER,
Perth.

He Gave Himself for Us.

TUNE—See.

THE Saviour died
upon the cruel tree,
A pardon to bestow;
Not every weary, hard-
ened, sin-stick soul,
A sinner you may
know.

CHORUS.

There, there He died in agony,
Wondrous was His love revealed to me.

Thorns crowned His brow, nails pierced His
tender hands,
Deep sorrow marred His face,
The Roman spear thrust through His broken
heart,
To save me by His grace.

Tell out His love to every soul of man,
Spread, spread His wondrous fame;
God, through our General, raised the Army
up
To bear His blessed name.

Adjutant WALTER ARCHIBALD,
Victoria, B.C.

THE Burning question of the day in Trade Department circles is the Xmas
CRY. Everybody is unanimous that it ought to excel, and every intel-
lectual muscle is strained to produce a unique and interesting issue. You
must send us an increased order for it. Don't wait or whine, but sit down
and calmly consider and you will be surprised at what will appear possible to you. Why,
bless you, at

* * * XMAS * * *

Everybody feels somewhat jollyfied and is inclined to buy a special CRY. Just fancy the
beautiful supplement which we give with the CRY, and which alone is worth 10 cents, without
dispute. Now, open your mouth and

CRY

Along, so that the people will get to know there will be a special CRY, and order a good
sound increase at once from
THE TRADE SECRETARY.

ARROW - HEADS.



**Read Them, They are Sure to
Stick.**

The thing most dangerous is the one that
does most to make us selfish.

God's purpose is that we obtain from sin;
there is no more in the commandment, there-
fore we must deny ourselves to admit a sin under pain
certain and eternal cure.



If we mean to be
masters of the field and
put our victory to
dispute, let us deny our-
selves, love all men, es-
tablish all things, and
take all things.

It is better to suffer this
sin.

The design and purpose of Self-Denial is
not to take away temptations, but to over-
come them.

Prayer is as wings to the soul and Self-
Denial as wings to prayer.

Rotten apples in the bottom of one's
measure shows something rotten at the bottom
of one's heart.

Some people are too generous during the
sermon and too selfish during
the collection.

No man is good who behaves
himself simply because he has
to.

Christ came all the way
from heaven to help us, and
every Christian ought to be willing to go to
the ends of the earth to help Him.

The foot of the Cross is the highest place on
earth.

"Love's strength standeth in love's not-
fice," and he who suffers most, hath most to
give."

It was a proverb among the Jews—"Pay
tithes and be rich."

"It is by the loss of suffering we get to
love the feeling of suffering."

Doubt is the outcome of selfishness.

The avoidance of self-sacrifice is not success
but disastrous failure.

Every act of Self-Denial will bring its own
reward with it, and
make the next step
in duty and in the
career and more
pleasant than the
former.



Let sinners be our
enemies, but let there be
nothing in a thing of
Christian love and
they will be convicted.

CALVARY is the pattern in its height of love
and depth of shame; the measure, the only
limit of our sacrifice—"Consider Him who
endured," etc. "Ye have not retained your
blood" (like your Master)—HEB. xii, 4.

Charge them that are rich in
this world that they be not
high-minded, nor trust in un-
certain riches, but that they be
good, that they be rich in
good works, ready to distribute,
willing to communicate, laying
up in store for themselves a
good foundation against the
time to come, that they may
lay hold on eternal life.—1 Tim.
vi, 18, 19.

W
AND OF

VOL. XI.

"He's Come

A STORY OF A

"COME," said
up; it's
better on
before!"

Jack Burleigh
stared at the
speaker. He,
Jack, was not
exactly "up" in
Salvation Army
parlance.

"Praps it
is," he replied,
exactly, "Praps
it is; but
I'm sort o'
dazed, you know,
for I never was
saved before,
and don't quite
know my way
about in re-
ligious concerns.
Besides, there's
one - and - four
due to John."

It was a
Thursday night.
Jack Burleigh
had just got up
from the peni-
tential form, and
stood at the
baroque door,
speaking to the
Captain. A
hundred re-
thoughts seemed
to crowd into
his mind, of his
miserable home,
his starving
children, his
patient wife—
who had borne
a life of con-
tinual suffering
and wretched-
ness. There
was the young-
est child, too,
lying ill in the
dimly garret,
and there was
the public-house
bar, with its
equal of beer-
drinking, song-
roaring boozers

—blee boon com-
panions. Poor
wretch! No
wonder he
looked so half-
crazy that the
worthy Captain
half-doubted his
sanity, and felt
at a loss for the
right words of
comfort.
"Well," he
remarked at length,
bawling, and—
open-al, you know
your Articles of War.

Jack nodded a go-
homeward. Though
he lived in a peni-
tential, in the h-